

BRITANNIA'S 3 H 6
PASTORALS. 31

The first Booke.

HORAT.

*Carminē Dīj superi placantur, carminē
Manes.*



LONDON,

Printed by IOHN HAVILAND.

1625.



1800

TO
THE NOBLESSE
ENOBBLED BY VER-
TUE, THEN ANCIENT IN

NOBILITYE, the Right Honourable

EDWARD Lord Zouch, *Saint-Maur*, and

Cantelupe, and one of his MAJESTIES

most Honourable Princes

COYNCELL.

H

Onors bright Ray,

More highly crown'd with *Vertue* thē with *years*,

Pardon a Rusticke *Muse* that thus appears

In *Shepheards gray*,

Intreating your attention to a Lay

Fitting a *Silvan Bowre*, not *Courtly Traines*;

Such choiser cares,

Should haue *Apollo's Priests*, not *Pans* rude

But if the *Musick* of contented *Plaines* (*Swaines*;

A thought vpreares

For your approuement of that part she beares;

When time (that *Embrions* to perfection brings)

Hath taught her straines;

A 2

May

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

May better boast their being from the *Spring*
Where braue *Heroës* worths the *Sisters* sing:

(In Lines whose raignes
In spight of *Envy* and her restlesse paines:
Be vnconfin'd as blest eternitie:)

The Vales shall ring
Thy Honor'd Name; and euery Song shall be
A *Pyramis* built to thy *Memorie*.

Your Honors:

W. BROVNE.

To the Reader.

THE times are swolne so big with nicer wits,
That nought sounds good but what Opinion strikes,
Censure with Iudgement sold together sits;
And now the Man more then the Matter likes.

The great Rewardresse of a Poets Pen,
Fame, is by those so clogg'd shee seldome flies,
The Muses sitting on the graues of men,
Singing that Vertue liues and neuer dyes,

Are chas'd away by the malignant Tongues
Of such, by whom Detraction is ador'd:
Hence growes the want of euer-living Songs,
With which our Ile was whilome brauely stor'd,

If such a Basiliske dart downe his Eye,
(Impoyson'd with the dregs of vtmost hate)
To kill the first Bloomes of my Poesie,
It is his worst, and makes me fortunate.

Kinde wits I vaine to, but to fooles precise
I am as confident as they are nice.

From the Inner Temple, Iune the 18. 1613.

W. B.

Bucolica G. B R O V N.

Quod, per secessus Rustici otia, Licuit
ad *Amic. & Bon. Lit. amantiss.*

ANACREONTICVM.

Κάλλ' ὅν Κυδέρεια,
Σὸν, Κέει Διὸς, ἦδος
Ἐμψευζ', Ἰερμέ.
Τῇ συμπέζαν Βρώτης.
Ταῖς (ὡ Πάμαδι Φοῖβ' ὅ
Τῆς Μῦσαι περὶ χερσὶν
Ταῖς σὺ Δ' ἔλ' ὡ ἀρχαῖς.
Τῆς ἑμὴν ἀέκ' ἔστις.

Ἄλ' ἄγε' ἀέεσθαι
Ψυχῇ, ἔνθα πῶ οὐ
Φάγ' αὐτῷ ἔπον'
Ὅς περὶ δάκρυ' ἔρ' ὄπας.
Μῦταις κ' Ἀφροδίτῃ
Περὶ δ' ἄν' ἔτο περὶ σε.
Νόσας ἀμφοτέρωσιν
Οὕτως ἐστὶ φίλιστος.

Ad Amoris Numina.

Quin v^{ost}rum Paphie, Anteros, Erosq;
Vt Regnum capiat mali quid, absit!
Venus, per Syrium nimis venustum!
Amplexus tenēros, pares, suaues
Psyches, per, tibi, Basiationum
Eros quantum erat! & per Anterotis
Fælices Animas! periclitanti
Obtestor, dubiaq; consulatis
Rei v^{ost}ra! Miserum magis fauete
Languori, Miserum fauete Amantum,
Dini, cordolio! Quod est amatum

Ictū propitiū ferite pectus !
 Ictus quin sit ab aurea sagitta !
 Ortas Spe placitā fouete flammās !
 Ortis quin Similes parate flammās !
 Suas gnauitèr ambiant * Neæras !
 Et cautim laciāt suos Neærae !
 Dextras sternuite adprobationes !
 Adfectis detur Osculum labellis !
 Et iunctis detur Osculum salinis !
 Tui Nectaris adde, Diua, * quintā.
 Conturbet tremula libido linguæ,
 Ne quis Basia * fascinare possit !
 Morsus mutua temperet voluptas !
 Dormitis, nimiumq̃ defuistis
 Procis, atq̃ Adamantinis Puellis.
 Isthac prospiciens tibi, Cupido,
 Audax admonui. Tuas Apollo,
 Deusq; Arcadiæ, Minerua, & Hermes
 Supplantant Veneres. Murinus arcum
 Tendit, quin iaculis tuâ pharetrâ
 Surreptis petimur. Camena texit
 Cantu dadala, blandulum Aphrodites
 Cestum, & insidias plicat. Mineruæ
 Buxus, Mercurij Chelys, Cicuta
 Fauni, dulce melos canunt. Erota
 En, olim * docuit, plagas Eroti

* Ambr
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* Horat
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 cam. 5.

* Amor
 Passere
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 cer olim
 doctus. B
 Idyll 3.

*Iam tendit, Iuuenis, Poëta, Pastor,
Isthac prospiciens tibi Cupido,
Audax admonuit. Faue Cupido.*

BY THE SAME.

So much a Stranger my *Senerer Muse*
Is not to Loue-straines, or a Shepwards Reed,
But that She knowes some Rites of *Phœbus* dues,
Of *Pan*, of *Pallas*, and hir Sisters meed.
Reade and Commend She durst these tun'd essaies
Of *Him that loves her* (She hath euer found
Hir studies as one circle.) Next She prays
His Readers be with *Rose* and *Myrtle* crown'd!
No *Willow* touch them! As His * *Baies* are free
From wrang of Bolts, so may their Chaplets bee.

I. SELDEN *Iuris C.*

To his Friend the AUTHOR.

DRine forth thy Flock, young Pastor, to that Plaine,
Where our old Shepherds wont their flocks to feed;
To those cleare walkes, where many a skilfull Swaine
To'ards the calme evening, tun'd his pleasant Reed.
Those, to the Muses once so sacred, Downes,
As no rude foot might there presume to stand:
(Now made the way of the unworthiest Clownes,
Dig'd and plow'd up with each unhallowed hand)
If possible thou canst, redeeme those places,
Where, by the brim of many a Silver Spring,
The learned Maidens, and delightfull Graces
Often haue sate to heare our Shepherds sing:
Where on those Pines the neighb'ring Groves among,
(Now utterly neglected in these daies)
Our Garlands, Pipes, and Cornamutes were hung
The monuments of our deserved praise,
So may thy Sheepe like, so thy Lambs increase,
And from the Wolfe feed euer safe and free!
So maist thou thrine, among the learned, please,
As thou young Shepherd art belov'd of mee!

MICHAEL DRAITON.

To his Ingenious and worthy Friend the
AUTHOR.

HE that will tune his Oaten-pipe aright,
 To great *Apollo's* Harp : he that will write
 A liuing Poem ; must haue many yeeres,
 And secl'd iudgement 'mongst his equall peeres,
 In well-rig'd Barke to steere his doubtfull course ;
 Lest secret, rocky Enuy, or the source
 Of froathy, but sky-towring Arrogance ;
 Or fleeting, sandy vulgar-censure chance
 To leaue him ship-wrackt, on the desert Maine
 Imploring aged *Neptunes* help in vaine.
 The younger Cygnet, euen at best doth teare,
 With his harsh squealings, the melodious care :
 It is the old, and dying Swan that sings
 Notes worthy life, worthy the *Thespian* Springs.
 But thou art young ; and yet thy voice as sweet,
 Thy Verse as smooth, Composure as discreet
 As any Swans, whose tunefull Notes are spent
 On *Thames* his bancks ; which makes me confident,
 He knowes no Musick, hath nor eares, nor tongue,
 That not commends a voice so sweet, so young.

On him ; a Pastorall ODE to his fairest
Shepherdesse.

SYren more then earthly faire,
 Sweetly breake the yeelding Ayre :

Sing

Sing on *Albions* whitest Rocks :
 Sing ; whilst *Willy* to his Flocks ,
 Deftly tunes his various Reed.
 Sing ; and hee, whilst younglings feed,
 Answer shall thy best of singing,
 With his *Rurall Musicks*, bringing
 Equall pleasure ; and requite
 Musicks sweets with like delight.
 What though *Willyes* Songs be plaine ?
 Sweet they be : for hee's a Swaine
 Made of purer mould then earth,
 Him did *Nature* from his birth,
 And the *Muses* single out,
 For a second *Colin Clout*.
Tityrus made him a Singer :
Pan him taught his Pipe to finger :
 Numbers, curious eares to please,
 Learn'd he of *Philisides*.
Kala loues him : and the Lasses
 Point at him, as by he passes,
 Wishing neuer tongue that's bad
 Censure may so blithe a Lad.
 Therefore well can he requite
 Musicks sweets with like delight :
 Sing then ; breake the yeelding ayre,
Syren more then earthly faire.

EDWARD HEYWARD,

è So. Int. Templ.

To his Friend the AVTHOR
upon his Poem.

THis Plant is knotlesse that puts forth these leanes,
Vpon whose Branches I his praise doe sing;
Fruitfull the Ground, whose verdure it receiues
From fertile Nature, and the learned Spring.
In zeale to Good; knowne; but vnpractiz'd Ill,
Chast in his thoughts, though in his youthfull Prime,
He writes of Past'rall Loue, with Nectar'd Quill,
And offers vp his first Fruits vnto Time.
Receiue them (*Time*) and in thy Border place them
Among thy various Flowers of Poetrie;
No Enuy blast, nor Ignorance deface them,
But keepe them fresh in fairest Memorie!
And, when from *Daphne's* tree he plucks more *Baies*,
His *Shepheards* Pipe may chant more heau'nly laies.

CHRISTOPHER BROOKE.

ANA.

John T. 1633

ANAGRAMMA.

G V I L L I E L M V S B R O V V N E.

Ne vulgo Librum eius.

Si vulgus gustare tuo velis apta palato;
I, pete vulgares, ac aliunde, dapes.

Nil vulgare sapit Liber hic; hinc vulgus abesto:
Non nisi delicias hęc tibi mensa dabit.

F R. D Y N N E,

è So. Int. Temp.

T. H. GARDINER.

è So. Int. Temp.

To his Friend the Author.

ON (Iolly Lad) and hyc thee to the Field
 Among the best Swains that the Vallies yeeld
 Goe boldly, and in presence of them all,
 Proceed a Shepheard with his Flocke
 Let Pan, and all his rurall Traine attending,
 From stately Mountaines to the Plaines descending,
 Salute this Pastor with their kinde embraces
 And entertaine him to their holy places
 Let all the Nymphes of Hills and Dales together
 Kisse him for earnest of his welcome
 Crowne him with Garlandes of the choicest flowers
 And make him euer dwell within their Bowres:
 For well I wote in all the Plaines around,
 There are but few such Shepheards to be found,
 That can such learned Layes and Ditties frame;
 Or aptly fit their tunes vnto the same.
 And let them all (if this young Swaine should die)
 Tune all their Rodes to sing his Memorie:

Agnes T. Jul. 1623

THO. GARDINER,

et So. Int. Templ.

TO the AVTHOR.

HAd I beheld thy Muse upon the Stage,
A Poësie in fashion with this age;
Or had I seene, when first I view'd thy taske,
An active wit dance in a Satyres Maske.
I should in those haue prais'd thy Wit and Art,
But not thy ground, A Poems better part:
Which being the perfect'st Image of the Braine,
Not fram'd to any base end, but to gaine
True approbation of the Artists worth,
When to an open view he sets it forth,
Indicionsly, he strines; no lesse it adorne
By a choise Subiect, then a curious Forme:
Well hast thou then past o'er all other rhyme,
And in a Pastorall spent thy leasures time:
Where fruit so faire, and field so fruitfull is,
That hard it is to iudge whether in This
The Substance or the fashion more excell,
So precious is the Iem, and wrought so well.
Thus rest thou prais'd of me, Fruit, Field, Iem, Art,
Doe claime much praise to equall such Desart.

W. FERRAR,

è So. Med. Templ.

To the AUTHOR.

Friend, Ile not erre in blazing of thy Worth;
This Worke in truest termes will set it forth:
In these few lines the all I doe intend,
Is but to shew that I haue such a Friend.

FR. OVIDE.

De S. In Templ.

BRIT.

B R I T A N N I A S

P A S T O R A L S.

THE FIRST SONG.

THE ARGUMENT
 Marina's Lament for the fairest of the
 Celand's disdaine; and her despair; no dog
 Are the first wings my Muse puts on the
 To reach the sacred Helicon.



That while care neere Tausers stragling
 Spring,
 Vnto my leely Sheepe did vse to ling,
 And plaid to please my selfe, on ru-
 sticke Reed,
 Nor sought for Bay, (the learned
 Shepherds meed.)

of the same Moore riseth, running Northward, another called Tau: which by the
 rather I speake of, because in the printed *Malmesburie de Gest.* Pomf. lib. 2. fol.
 reads, *Est in Dominica canobium Manichorum, iuxta Tan fluvium, quod Tauslock*
 whereas vpon Tan stands (neere the North-side of the Shire) *Tauslock*, being no remain
 a Monastrie: to that you must there reade, *Juxta Tan fluvium* in a manuscript
Malmesbury (the forme of the hand assuring *Malmesbury* time) belonging to the
S. Augustini in Cantuariis I have seene, in the hands of my very learned Friend M.

But as a Swaine ynkent fed on the plaines;
 And made the *Echo* vmpire of my staines:
 Am drawne by time (although the weak'st of many)
 To sing those Laies as yet vsung of any.
 What need I tune the Swaines of *Theſſaly*?
 Or, bootleſſe, addē to them of *Arcadie*?

No faire *Arcadia* cannot be compleater,
 My praise may leſſen, but not make thee greater.
 My *Muſe* for loſty pitches ſhall not come,
 But homely pipe of her ſuaine home.
 And to the Swaines, Loue rurall Minſtrallie,
 Thus deare *Britannia* will I ſing of thee.

High on the plaines of that renowned Ile,
 Which all men *Beauties* Garden-plotenſile,
 A Shepherd dwelt, whom Fortune had made rich
 With all the gifts that ſilly men bewitch.
 Neere him a Shepherddeſſe for beauties ſtore
 Vnpaſſell'd of any Age before.

Within thoſe Breſts her face a flame did moue,
 Which neuer knew before what twas to loue,
 Dazeling each Shepherds ſight that viewd her eyes.
 And as the *Persians* did Idolatriſe
 Vnto the *Sunne*: they thought that *Cynthia's* light
 Might well be ſpar'd, where ſhe appear'd in night.
 And as when many to the goale doe runne,
 The prize is giuen neuer but to one:

So firſt, and onely *Celandine* was led,
 Of *Deſtinies* and *Heauen* much favoured,
 To gaine this Beauty, which I here doe offer
 To memory: his paines (who would not proffer

Paines

Paines for such pleasures) were not great nor much,
 But that his labours recompence was such
 As could not fail all for the whole passion,
 (And passion oft is love) whose inclination
 Bent all her course to him-wards, let him know
 He was the Elm whereby her Vine did grow
 Yea, told him, when his tongue began this task,
 She knew not to deny when he would ask
 Finding his suit as quickly got as mow'd,
Celandine, in his thoughts her well approv'd
 What none could disallow, his love grew fain'd,
 And what he once affect'd now disdained,
 But saith *Martina* (for so was she call'd)
 Having in *Celandine* her love install'd
 Affect'd to his faithless Shepherd Boy
 That she was rapt beyond degree of joy
 Briefly, shee could not kee one house without him,
 And thought no joy like theirs that liv'd about him.

This variable Shepherd for a while
 Did Nature's Jewell by his craft beguile
 And still the perfecter her love did grow,
 His did appeare more counterfeits in show
 Which she perceiving that his flame did flake,
 And lov'd her onely for his *Thobbies* sake
 "For hee that's stuff'd with a faithlesse humour,
 "Loves only for his lust and for his humour.
 And that he often in his merry fit
 Would say, his good came, ere he hop'd for it:
 His thoughts for other subjects being prest,
 Esteeming that as naught which he possess'd

"For what is gotten but with little pain,
 "As little grief we take to lose again;
 Well-minded *Marine* grieving, thought it strange
 That her ingratefull Swaine did letke for change.
 Still by degrees her cares grew to the full,
 Ioyes to the want, heart-rending griefe did pull
 Her from her selfe, and she abandon'd all
 To cries and teares, fruits of a funerals
 Running, the mountaines, fields, by watry Springs,
 Filling each eare with wofull echoings;
 Making in thousand places her complaint,
 And vntering to the trees what her teares meant.
 "For griefes conceal'd (proceeding from desire)
 "Consume the more, as doth a close pent fire;
 Whilst that the daies solitarie doth gild the face,
 In his daies journey forth *Antipodes*:
 And all the time the *Letty-Charlotend*
 Hurles her blacke mantle through our *Hemisphere*:
 Vnder the couert of a sprouting Pine
 She sits and grieues for faithlesse *Celandine*.
 Beginning thus: Alas! and most forbeare
 That Loue which thus torments and troubles me
 In selling it, in fittall edvice hath lent
 To make me captive, where enfranchisement
 Cannot be gotten? nor where, like a slave,
 The office due to faithfull Prisoners, haue I
 Oh cruell *Celandine*, why shouldst thou hate
 Her, who to loue thee, was ordain'd by Fate
 Should I not follow thee, and sacrifice
 My wretched life to thy betraying eyes?

Aye

SONG 1. *Britannia's Pastorals.*

Ay me! of all my most unhappy lot;
 What others would, thou maist, and yet wilt not.
 Haue I reiected those that me ador'd,
 To be of him; whom I adore, abhor'd?
 And pass'd by other teares, to make election
 Of one, that should so passe by my affection?
 I haue: and see the heau'nly powers intend,
 "To punish sinners in what they offend."
 May be he takes delight to see in me
 The burning rage of hellish Icalousie;
 Tries if in fury any loue appears;
 And bathes his ioy within my flood of teares.
 But if he lou'd to solle my poorlesse soule;
 And me amongst deceiu'd Maids enroule,
 To publish to the world my open shame;
 Then heart take freedom; hence accurst flame;
 And, as *Queene* regent, in my heart shall moue
 "*Disdaine*, that only ouer-ruleth Loue."
 By this infranchiz'd sure my thoughts shall be,
 And in the same sort loue, as thou lou'dst me.
 But what? or can I cancell or vnblinde
 That which my heart hath seal'd & loue hath sign'd?
 No, no, grieve doth deceit me more each houre;
 "For, who so truly loues; hath not that power.
 I wrong to say so, since of all tis knowne,
 "Who yeelds to loue doth leaue to be her owne.
 But what auails my hying this apart?
 Can I forget him? or but of my heart
 Can tesres expulse his Image? surely no.
 "We well may flie the place; but not the wo."

"Loues fire is of a nature which by turnes
 "Consumes in presence, and in absence burnes,
 And knowing this: aye me! vnhappy wight,
 What meanes is left to helpe me in this plight?
 And from that peeuish shooing, hood-winckt else,
 To repossesse my Loue, my heart, my selfe?
 Onely this helpe I finde, which I elect;
 Since what my life nor can nor will effect,
 My ruine shall: and by it, I shall finde,
 "Death cures (when all helps faile) the grieued mind.
 And welcome here, (then Loue, a better guest)
 That of all labours art the onely rest:
 Whilst thus I liue, all things discomfort giue,
 The life is sure a death wherein I liue:
 Saue life and death doe differ in this one,
 That life hath euer cares, and death hath none.
 But if that he (disdainfull Swaine) should know
 That for his loue I wrought my overthrow;
 Will he not glory in't? and from my death
 Draw more delights, & giue new ioyes their breath?
 Admit he doe, yet better 'tis that I
 Render my selfe to Death then Misery.
 I cannot liue, thus barred from his sight,
 Nor yet endure, in presence, any wight
 Should loue him but my selfe. O reasons eye,
 How art thou blinded with vilde Iealousie!
 And is it thus? Then which shall haue my blood,
 Or certaine ruine, or vncertaine good?
 Why do I doubt? Are we not still aduiz'd
 "That certaine in all things best is priz'd?

Then

Then, if a certaine end can helpe my mone,
 "Know *Death* hath certaintie, but *Life* hath none.

Here is a Mount, whose top seemes to despise
 The faire inferiour Vale that vnder lies:
 Who like a great man raisd aloft by Fate,
 Measures his height by others meane estate:
 Neere to whose foot there glides a siluer flood,
 Falling from hence, he climbeth vnto my good;
 And by it finish Loue and Reasons strife,
 And end my misery as well as life:
 But as a Cowards hartenesse in warr,
 The stirring Drum, keeps lesser noyse from farr:
 So seeme the murmuring waues, to tell in mine eare,
 That guiltlesse blood was neuer spilled there.
 Then stay a while; the Beasts that haunt those Springs,
 Of whom I heare the fearefull bellowings,
 May doe that deed, (as moued by my cry)
 Whereby my soule, as spotlesse lincry,
 May turn from whence it came, and freed from hence,
 Be vnpolluted of that soule offence.
 But why protract I time? Death is no stranger:
 "And generous spirits neuer feare for danger:
 "Death is a thing most naturall to vs,
 "And Feare doth onely make it odious.
 As when to seeke her food abroad doth rouse
 The *Nuncius of peace*, the feeble Dove;
 Two sharpe-set hawkes doe her on each side hem,
 And she knowes not which way to flie from them:
 Or like a ship that rolled to and fro
 With wind and tide; the wind doth sternly blow,

And driues her to the Maine, the tide comes fore,
 And hurles her backe againe towards the shore,
 And since her balast, and her sailes doe lacke,
 One brings her out, the other beate, her backe
 Till one of them, increasing more his shokes,
 Hurles her to shore, and rends her on the Rocks:
 So stood she long, twist Loue and Reason tost,
 Vntill Despaire (who where it comes rules most)
 Wonne her to throw her selfe, to meet with Death,
 From off the Rocks into the floud beneath.
 The waues that were about when as she fell,
 For feare, flew backe againe into their Well;
 Doubting ensuing times on them would frowne,
 That they should raise a beauty helpe to drowne.
 Her fall, in griefe, did make the streame so ror,
 That fullen murmurings fill'd all the shore:

A Shepheard (neere this floud that fed his sheepe,
 Who at this chance left grazing and did weepe)
 Hauing so sad an object for his eyes,
 Left Pipe and Flocke, and in the water flies,
 To saue a Jewell, which was neuer sent
 To be posselt by one sole Element:
 But such a worke Nature dispoſde and gaue,
 Where all the *Element*s concordance haue.
 Heooke her in his armes, for pittie eride,
 And brought her to the Riuer further side:
 Yea, and he sought by all his Art and paine,
 To bring her likewise to her selfe againe:
 While she that by her fall was senselesse left,
 And almost in the waues had life bereft,

Lay

Lay long, as if her sweet immortall spirit
Was fled some other Palace to inherit.

But as cleere *Phœbus*, when some foggy cloud
His brightnesse from the world a while doth shrowd,
Doth by degrees begin to shew his light
Vnto the view: Or, as the *Queene of night*,
In her increasing hornes, doth rounder grow,
Till full and perfect she appeare in show:
Such order in this Maid the Shepheard spies,
When she began to shew the world her eyes.
Who (thinking now that she had past *Deaths* dreame,
Occasion'd by her fall into the streame,
And that *Hells* Ferryman did then deliver
Her to the other side th' infernall River)
Said to the Swaine: O *Charon*, I am bound
More to thy kindnesse, then all else, that round
Come thronging to thy Boat: thou hast past over
The wofullst Maid that ere these shades did coner:
But priethee Ferryman direct my Spright
Where that blacke River runs that *Lethe* hight,
That I of it (as other Ghosts) may drinke,
And neuer of the world, or Loue, more thinke,
The Swaine perceiuing by her words ill sorted,
That she was wholly from her selfe transported:
And fearing lest those often idle firs
Might cleane expell her vncollected wits:
Faire Nymph, (said he) the powers about deny
So faire a Beauty should so quickly die,
The Heauens vnto the World haue made a loane,
And must for you haue interest, Three for One:

Call

Call back your thoughts ore-cast with dolours night,
 Do you not see the day, the heavens, the light?
 Doe you not know in *Plutoes* darksome place
 The light of heauen did neuer shew his face?
 Do not your pulses beat, yare warme, haue breath,
 Your sense is rapt with feare, but not with death?
 I am nor *Charon*, nor of *Plutoes* host;
 Nor is there flesh and bloud found in a Ghost:
 But as you see, a feely Shepheards swaine,
 Who though my meere reuenues be the traine
 Of milk-white sheepe, yet am I ioyd as much,
 In sauing you, (O, who would not saue such?)
 As euer was the wandering youth of *Greece*,
 That brought, from *Colchas*, home, the golden *Fleece*.

The neuer-too-much-praised faire *Marine*,
 Hearing those words, beleu'd her eares and eyne;
 And knew how she escaped had the flood
 By meanes of this young Swaine that neere her stood,
 Whereat for grieve she gan againe to faint,
 Redoubling thus her cries and sad complaint:
 Alas! and is that likewise barr'd from me,
 Which for all persons else lies euer free?
 Will life, nor death, nor ought abridge my paine?
 But liue still dying, dye to liue againe?
 Then most vnhappy I! which finde most sure,
 The wound of *Loue* neglected is past cure,
 Most cruell *God of Loue* (if such there be)
 That still to my desires art contrarie!
 Why should I not in reason this obtaine,
 That as I loue, I may be lou'd againe?

Alas!

Alas ! with thee too, *Nature* playes her parts,
 That fram'd so great a discord euer two hearts
 One flies, and alwayes doth in hate perdue,
 The other followes, and in loue growes euer.
 Why dost thou not extinguish cleane this flame,
 And plac't on him that best deterues the same?
 Why had not I affected some kinde youth,
 Whose euery word had beene the word of Truth?
 Who might haue had to loue, and lou'd to haue,
 So true a heart as I to *Cynthia* gaue.
 For *Psyché* such if beautie gaue thee birth,
 Or if thou hast attractive power on earth,
 Dame *Venus* sweetest Child, requir'd this loue,
 Or Face yeeld means my soule may hence remoue.
 Once being in a spring her drown'd eyes,
 O cruell beautie, cause of this, (she cryes,)
 Mother of *Bone*, (my ioyes most fatall knife)
 That workst her death, by whom thy selfe hast li'd.
 The youthfull Swaine that heard this louing Saine
 So oftentimes to poure forth such complaint,
 Within his heart such true affection prais'd,
 And did perceiue kinde loue and pittie rais'd
 His minde to sighs; yea, beautie forced this,
 That all her griefe he thought was likewise his.
 And hauing brought her what his lodge affords,
 Sometime he wept with her, sometime with words
 Would seek to comfort; when alas poore selfe
 He needed then a comforter himselfe.
 Daily whole troopes of griefe vnto him came,
 For her who languish'd of another flame.

If that she sigh'd, he thought him lov'd of her,
 When 'twas another saile her wind did stirre:
 But had her sighs and teares beene for this Boy,
 Her sorrow had beene lesse, and more her ioy.
 Long time in griefe he hid his loue-made paines,
 And did attend her walkes in woods and plaines:
 Bearing a fust, which her Sun-like eies
 Enflam'd, and made his heart the sacrifice.
 Yet he, sad Swaine, to shew it did not dare;
 And she, lest he should loue, nie dy'd for feare.
 She, euer-wailing, blam'd the powers about,
 That night nor day giue any rest to Loue.
 He prais'd the Heauens in silence, oft was mute,
 And thought with teares and sighs to winne his sute.

Once in the shade, when she by sleepe repos'd,
 And her cleere eies twixt her faire lids enclos'd;
 The Shepheard Swaine began to hate and curse
 That day vnfortunate, which was the nurse
 Of all his sorrowes. He had giuen breath
 And life to her, which was his cause of death.
 O *Esops* Snake, that thirstest for his bloud,
 From whom thy selfe receiu'dst a certaine good.
 Thus oftentimes vnto himselfe alone
 Would he recount his griefe, vtter his moone;
 And after much debating, did resolue
 Rather his Grandame earth should cleane inuolue
 His pining bodie, ere he would make knowne
 To her, what Tares Loue in his breast had sowne.
 Yea, he would say when griefe for speech hath cri'd,
 "Tis better neuer aske than be denide."

But

But as the Queene of Rivers, fairest *Thames*,
 That for her buildings other foulds enflamts
 With greatest enuie: Or the *Nymph* of *Kent*,
 That stateliest *Ships* to Sea hath euer sent;
 Some baser groom, for luores hellish course,
 Her channell hauing stoppt, kept backe her source,
 (Fill'd with disdain) doth swell aboue her moulds,
 And ouerfloweth all the neighb'ring grounds,
 Angry she rears vp all that stops her way,
 And with more violence runnes to the *Sea*:
 So the kinde *Shepheards* griefe (which long vppon
 Grew more in power, and longer in extent)
 Forth of his heart more violently thrust,
 And all his vow'd intentions quickly burst.
Marina hearing sighs, to him drew neere,
 And did intreat his cause of griefe to heere:
 But had she knowne her beantie was the sting
 That caused all that instant sorrowing;
 Silence in bands her tongue had stronger kept,
 And sh'ad not asked for what the *Shepherd* wept.

The *Swaine* first, of all times, this best did thinke,
 To shew his loue, whilst on the *Riuers* brinke
 They sat alone; then thought, hee next would moue
 With sighs and teares, (true tokens of a *Louer*):
 And since she knew what helpe from him she found
 When in the *River* she had else bene drown'd,
 He thought full sure she cannot but grant this,
 To giue tellse to him, by whom she is:
 By this incised, said; Whom I adore,
 Sole Mistresse of my heart, I thee implore,

Doe

Doe not in bondage hold my freedom long;
 And since I life to death hold from your tongue,
 Suffer my heart to loue; yea, dare to hope
 To get that good of loues intended scope.
 Grant I may praise that light as you I see,
 And dying so my self, may liue in thee.
 Faire Nymph, sinne as this death-alluring languish,
 So rare a beauty was not borne for anguish.
 Why shouldst thou care for him that cares not for thee?
 Yea, most vnto thy wight, seems to abhorre thee.
 And if he hears you doe here paine for him,
 He thinks you best of beauties are not worth him;
 That all the iocies of Loue will more misse tell
 For all lou'd freedom which by it is lost.
 Within his heart such selfe-opinion dwels,
 That his conceits in this he thinks excels;
 Accounting womens beauties fained baits,
 That neuer catch, but fooles, with their decelits.
 "Who of himselfe harbours so vaine a thought,
 "Truly to loue could neuer yet be brought.
 Then loue this heart where lies no faithlesse seed,
 That neuer would dissimulation weed.
 Who doth crowne all beauties of the Spring,
 That for the Summer daies are wearing,
 As foites to yours. But if this cannot moue
 Your mind or phie, nor your heart to loue,
 Yet sweetest grant me loue to quench that flame,
 Which burnes you now. Expell his worthlesse name,
 Clean root him out by me, and in his place
 Let him inhabit, that will burne a race

More

More true in love. It may be for your rest,
 And when he sees her, who did loue him best,
 Possessed by another, he will rate
 The much of good he lost, when 'tis too late.
 "For what is in our powers, we little deem;
 "And things posses'd by others, best esteeme.
 If all this gaine you not a *Shepherds* wife,
 Yet giue not death to him which gaue you life.

Marine the faire, hearing his wooing tale,
 Perceiu'd well what wall his thoughts did scale.
 And answer'd thus: I pray, sir *Swaine*, what boot
 Is it to me to plucke up by the root
 My former loue; and in his place to sow
 As ill a seed, for any thing I know?
 Rather gainst thee, I more all hate retaine,
 That seek'st to plant in me new cares, new paine;
 Alas! th' hast kept my soule from death's sweet bands,
 To giue me ouer to a *Tyrants* hands,
 Whom his racks will torture by his power,
 This weakned, harmelesse body, euer howe.
 Be you the iudge, and see if reason lawes
 Giue recompence of fauour for this cause.
 You from the flames of death, brought life on shore;
 Releas'd one paine, to giue me ten times more.
 For loues sake, let my thoughts in this be free;
 Obiect no more your haplesse sauing mee:
 That Obligation which you thinke should binde;
 Doth still increase more harred in my minde.
 Yea, I doe thinke more thanks to him were due,
 That would bereaue my life, than vnto you.

The

The Thunder-stricken Swaine lean'd to a tree;
 As void of sense as weeping *Niober*;
 Making his teares the instruments to woo her;
 The Sea when in his loue should swimme vnto her;
 And, could there flow from his two-headed font,
 As great a flood as is the *Hellus font*;
 Within that deepe he would as willing wander,
 To meet his *Hero*, as did ere *Dionides*.
 Meane while the *Nymph* with-drew her selfe aside,
 And to a Grove at hand her steps applide.

With that sad sigh (O had he neuer seen,
 His heart in better case had euer been)
 Against his heatt, against the streame he went,
 With this resolute, and with a full intent,
 When of that streame he had discovered
 The fount, the well spring, of the bubbling head,
 He there would sit, and with the well drop vie,
 That it before his eyes would first runne die.

But then he thought the god that haunts that Lake,
 The spilling of his Spring would not well take,
 And therefore hauling soone the *Crysell flood*,
 Did take his way vnto the neereſt wood,
 Searing himſelfe within a darksome Cae,
 (Such places heauie *Sarpedon* doe craue)
 Where yet the gladſome day was neuer ſeene,
 Nor *Phœbus* piercing beames had euer beene.
 Fit for the Synode houſe of thoſe fell Legions,
 That walke the Mountaines, and *Siluanus* regions.
 Where Tragedie might haue her full ſcope giuen,
 From men aſpects, and from the view of heauen;
 Within

Within the same some crannies did deliuer
Into the midst thereof a pretty Riuer ;
The *Nymph* whereof came by out of the veines
Of our first mother, hauing late rane paines
In scouring of her channell all the way,
From where it first began to leaue the Sea.
And in her labour thus farre now had gone,
When cōming through the Caue, she heard that one
Spake thus : *If I doe in my death perseuer,*
Pittie may that effect, which Loue could neuer.
By this she can coniecture 'twas some Swaine,
Who ouerladen by a Maids disdain,
Had here (as fittest) chosen out a place,
Where he might giue a period to the race
Of his loath'd life ; which she (for pitties sake)
Minding to hinder, diu'd into her Lake,
And hastned where the euer-reeching Earth
Vnto her Current giues a wished birth ;
And by her new-delivered Riuers side,
Vpon a Banke of flow'rs, had soone espide
Remond, young *Remond*, that full well could sing,
And tune his Pipe at *Pans*-birth carolling ;
Who for his nimble leaping, sweetest layes,
A Lawrell garland wore on Holy-dayes ;
In framing of whose hand Dame *Nature* swore
There neuer was his like, nor should be more :
Whose locks (insnaring nets) were like the rayes,
Wherewith the Sunne doth diaper the Seas :
Which if they had beenecut, and hung vpon
The snow-white Clifles of fertile *Albion* ;

C

Would

Would haue allured more, to be, their winner,
 Then all the * Diamonds that are hidden in her.
 Him she accosted thus : Swaine of the *Wreath*,
 Thou art not placed, onely here to breathe;
 But *Nature* in thy framing shewes to mee,
 Thou shouldst to others, as she did to thee,
 Doe good; and surely I my selfe perswade,
 Thou neuer wert for euill action made.
 In heauens Consistory 't was decreed,
 That choysest fruit should come from choysest seed;
 In baser vessels we doe euer put
 Basest materials, doe neuer shut
 Those Jewels most in estimation set,
 But in some curious costly *Cabinet*.
 If I may iudge by th'outward shape alone,
 Within, all vertues haue conuention :

" For't giues most lustre vnto Verrues feature,
 " When she appeares cloth'd in a goodly creature.
 Halfe way the hill, neere to those aged trees,
 Whose insides are as Hiues for labring Bees,
 (As who should say (before their roots were dead)
 For good workes sake and almes, they harboured
 Those whom nought else did couer but the Skies :)
 A path (vntroden but of Beasts) there lies,
 Directing to a Caue in yonder glade,
 Where all this Forrests Citizens, for shade
 At noone-time come, and are the first, I thinke,
 That (running through that Caue) my waters drinke:
 Within this Rocke there sits a wofull wight,
 As void of comfort as that Caue of light;

And

And as I wot, occasion'd by the frownes
Of some coy *Shepherd* *ſſe* that haunes theſe Downes.
This I doe know (whol'euer wrought his care)
He is a man nye treading to deſpaire.
Then hie thee thither, ſince 'tis charitie
To ſaue a man, leaue here thy ſlocke with me:
For whilſt thou ſau'ſt him from the *ſtygian Bay*,
He keepe thy Lambkins from all beaſts of prey.
The neceſſitie of the danger (in his thought)
As it doth euer, more compaſſion wrought:
So that with reuerence to the Nymph, he went
With winged ſpeed, and haſt'ned to preuent
Th'vntimely ſeiſure of the greedy graue.
Breathleſſe, at laſt, he came into the Caeue;
Where, by a ſigh directed to the man,
To comfort him he in this ſort began: (Caeue
Shepherd all haile, what meane theſe plaints? this
(Th' image of death, true portrait of the graue)
Why doſt frequent? and waile thee vnder ground,
From whence there neuer yer was pittie found?
Come forth, and ſhew thy ſelfe vnto the light,
Thy griefe to me. If there be ought that might
Giue any eaſe vnto thy troubled minde,
We ioy as much to giue, as thou to finde.
The Loue-ſteake Swaine replide: *Remond*, thou art
The man alone to whom I would impart
My woes, more willing then to any Swaine,
That liues and feeds his ſheepe vpon the plaine.
But vaine it is, and 'twould increaſe my woes
By their relation, or to thee or thoſe

That cannot remedy. Let it suffice,
 No fond distrust of thee makes me precise.
 To shew my griefe. Leauē me then, and forgo
 This Cause more sad, since I haue made it so.
 Here reares broke forth. And Remond gan anew
 With such intreaties, earnest to pursue
 His former suit, that he (though hardly) won
 The Shepherd to disclose, and thus began:
 Know briefly Remond, then, a heavenly face,
 Natures Idea, and perfections grace,
 Within my breast hath kindled such a fire,
 That doth consume all things, except desire,
 Which daily doth increase, though alwaies burning;
 And I want teares, but lacke no cause of mourning.
 "For he whom Loue vnder his colours drawes,
 "May often want th'effect, but ne're the cause.
 Quoth th'other, haue thy starres maligne been such,
 That their predominations sway so much
 Ouer the rest, that with a milde aspect
 The Līues and Loues of Shepherds doe affect?
 Then doe I thinke there is some greater hand,
 Which thy endeouours still doth countermand.
 Wherfore I wish thee quench the flame, thus mou'd;
 "And neuer loue except thou be belou'd.
 "For such an humour euer y woman seifeth,
 "She loues not him that plaineth, but that pleaseth.
 "Whē much thou louest, most disdain comes on thee;
 "And whē thou thinkst to hold her, she flies frō thee:
 "She follow'd, flies, she fled from followes post,
 "And loueth best where she is hated most.

"Tis

"Tis euer noted both in Maids and Wines,
"Their hearts and tongues are neuer Relatiues.
"Hearts full of holes, (so elder Shepherds saie)
"As apter to receive then to retaine.
Whose crafts and wiles did I intend to show,
This day would not perminneme time I know:
The dayes swift horses would their course haue run,
And diu'd themselves within the Ocean,
Ere I should haue performed halfe my taske,
Striuing their crackie subtilties t'vnmaske.
And gentle Swaine some counsell take of me;
Loue not still where thou maist; loue, who loues thee;
Draw to the courteous, flie thy loues abhorter,
"And if she be not for thee, be not for her.
If that she still be wauering, will away,
Why shouldst thou striue to hold that will not stay?
This Maxime, Reason neuer can confute,
"Better to liue by losse then die by sute.
If to some other Loue she is inclinde,
Time will at length cleane root that from her minde.
Time will extinct Loues flames, his hell-like flashes,
And like a burning brand consum'e to ashes.
Yet maist thou still attend, but not importune:
"Who seekes oft misseeth, sleepers light on fortune,
Yea and on women too. "Thus dolefull fors
"Haue Fate and fairest women for their lots.
"Fauour and pittie wait on Patience:
And hatred oft attendeth violence.
If thou wilt get desire, whence Loue hath pawn'd it,
Beleeue me, take thy time, but ne'er demand it.

Women, as well as men, retaine desire;
 But can dissimble, more then men, their fire.
 Be neuer caught with looks, nor selfe-wrought rumors;
 Nor by a quaint disguise, nor singing humor.
 Those our-side shewes are toies, which outwards snare;
 But vertue lodg'd within, is onely faire.
 If thou hast seene the beautie of our Nation,
 And find'st her haue no loue, haue thou no passion:
 But seeke thou further; other places sure
 May yeeld a face as faire, a Loue more pure:
 Leane (ô then leane) fond Swaine this idle course,
 For Loue's a God no mortall wight can force.

Thus *Remond* said, and saw the faire *Marine*
 Plac'd neere a Spring, whose waters Crystalline
 Did in their murmurings beare a part, and plained
 That one so true, so faire, should be disdain'd:
 Whilst in her cries, that fill'd the vale along,
 Still *Celand* was the burthen of her song.
 The stranger Shepherd left the other Swaine,
 To giue attendance to his fleecy traine;
 Who in departing from him, let him know,
 That yonder was his freedoms ouerthrow,
 Who sate bewailing (as he late had done)
 That loue by true affection was not wonne.
 This fully knowne: *Remond* came to the Maid
 And after some few words (her teares allaid)
 Began to blame her rigour, call'd her cruell,
 To follow hark, and she loues chiefeft Iewell.

Faire, doe not blame him that he thus is moued;
 For women sure were made to be beloued.

IF

SONG I. *Britannia's Pastorals.*

23

If beautiewanting louers long should stay,
 It like an house vndwelt in would decay :
 When in the heart if it haue taken place
 Time cannot blot, nor crooked age deface,
 The Adamant and Beauty we discover
 To be alike, for Beauty drawes a Louer,
 The Adamant his Iron. Doe not blame
 His louing then, but that which caus'd the same.
 Who so is lou'd, doth glory so to be:
 The more your Louers, more your victorie.
 Know, if you stand on faith, most womens lothing,
 Tis but a word, a character of nothing.
 Admit it somewhat, if what we call constance,
 Within a heart hath long time residence,
 And in a woman, she becomes alone
 Faire to her selfe, but foule to euery one.
 If in a man it once haue taken place,
 He is a foole, or dotes, or wants a face
 To win a woman, and I thinke it be
 No vertue, but a meere necessitie.
 Heauens powers deny it Swain (quoth she) haue done,
 Striue not to bring that in derision,
 Which whosoe'er detracts in setting forth,
 Doth truly derogate from his owne worth.
 It is a thing which heauen to all hath lent
 To be their vertues chiefeft ornament:
 Which who so wants, is well compar'd to these
 False tables, wrought by *Alcibiades*;
 Which noted well of all, were found t' haue bin
 Most faire without, but most deform'd within.

C 4

Then

Then Shepherd know, that I intend to be
As true to one, as he is false to me.

To one? (quoth he) why so? Maids pleasure take
To see a thousand languish for their sake:
Women desire for Louers of each sort,
And why not you? Th' amorous Swaine for sport;
The Lad that drives the greatest flocke to field,
Will Buskins, Gloues, and other fancies yeeld;
The gallant Swaine will saue you from the iawes
Of rauenuous Beares, and from the Lions pawes.
Beleeue what I propound; doe many chuse,
" The least Herbe in the field serues for some vse.

Nothing perswaded, nor asswag'd by this,
Was fairest *Marine*, or her heauinelle:
But prai'd the Shepherd as he ere did hope
His silly sheepe should fearelesse haue the scope
Of all the shadowes that the trees doe lend,
From *Raynards* stealth, when *Titan* doth ascend,
And runne his mid-way course: to leaue her there,
And to his bleating charge againe repaire.
He condescended; left her by the brooke,
And to the Swaine and's sheepe himselfe betooke.

He gone: she with her selfe thus gan to faine;
Alas poore *Marine*, think'st thou to attaine
His loue by sitting here? or can the fire
Be quencht with wood? can we allay desire
By wanting what's desired? O that breath,
The cause of life, should be the cause of death!
That who is shipwrackt on loues hidden shelfe,
Doth liue to others, dies vnto her selfe.

Why

Why might not I attempt by Death as yet
To gaine that freedome, which I could not get,
Being hind'ed heretofore, a time as free :
A place as fit offers it selfe to me,
Whose seed of ill is growne to such a height,
That makes the earth groane to support his weight.
Who so is lull'd asleepe with *Mida's* treasures,
And onely feares by death to lose lifes pleasures;
Let them feare death : but since my fault is such,
And onely fault, that I haue loo'd too much,
On ioyes of life, why should I stand ? for those
Which I neere had, I surely cannot lose.

Admit a while I to these thoughts consented,
"Death can be but deferred, not prevented.
Then raging with delay, her teares that fell
Vsher'd her way, and she into a Well
Straight-waies leapt after : "O how desperation
"Attends vpon the minde enthal'd to passion !

The fall of her did make the God below, †
Starting, to wonder whence that noise should grow :
Whether some ruder Clowne in spight did fling
A Lambe, vntimely faine, into his Spring :
And if it were, he solemnly then swore
His Spring should flow some other way : no more
Should it in wanton manner ere be seene
To writhe in knors, or giue a gowne of greene
Vnto their Meadows, nor be seene to play,
Nor driue the Rushy-mills, that in his way
The Shepherds made : but rather for their lot,
Send them red waters that their sheepe should rot.

And

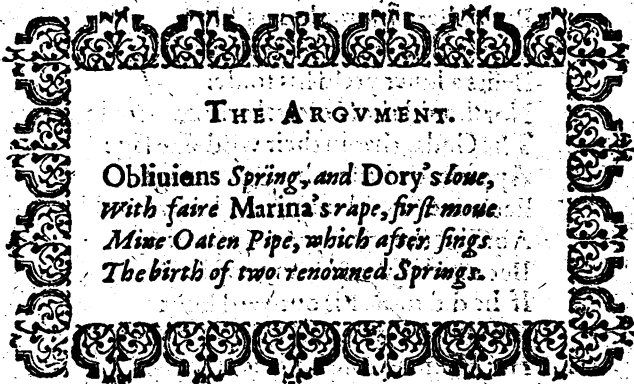
And with such Moorish Springs embrace their field,
 That it should nought but Mofse and Rushes yeeld.
 Vpon each hillocke, where the merry Boy
 Sits piping in the shades his Notes of ioy,
 Hee'd shew his anger, by some floud at hand,
 And turne the same into a running sand.
 Vpon the *Oake*, the *Plumb-tree*, and the *Holme*,
 The *Stock-dove* and the *Blackbird* should not come,
 Whose muting on those trees doe make to grow
 Rots curing * *Hyphear*, and the *Misseltoe*.
 Nor shall this helpe their sheep, whose stomacks failes,
 By tying knots of wooll neere to their tails :
 But as the place next to the knot doth die,
 So shall it all the body mortifie.
 Thus spake the God : but when as in the water
 The corps came sinking downe, he spide the matter,
 And catching softly in his armes the Maid,
 He brought her vp, and having gently laid
 Her on his banke, did presently command
 Those waters in her to come forth : at hand
 They straight came gushing out, and did contest
 Which chiefly should obey their Gods behest.
 This done, her then pale lips he straight held ope,
 And from his siluer haire let fall a drop
 Into her mouth, of such an excellence,
 That call'd backe life, which grieu'd to part from
 Being for troth assur'd, that, then this one, (thence,
 She ne'er possesse a fairer mansion.
 Then did the God her body forwards steepe,
 And cast her for a while into a sleepe ;

Sitting

Sitting still by her did his full view take
 Of Natures Master-peece. Here for her sake,
 My Pipe in silence as of right shall mourne,
 Till from the wating we againe returne.



THE SECOND SONG.



THE ARGUMENT.

*Oblivions Spring, and Dory's lone,
 With faire Marina's rape, first mowe
 Mine Oaten Pipe, which after sings
 The birth of two renowned Springs.*



NOW will the Sunne shall leaue vs to our
 rest,
 And Cynthia haue her Brothers place
 posselt,
 I shall goe on: and first in differing
 stripe,
 The foud Gods speech thus tune on Oaten Pipe.

Or

Or mortall, or a power above,
 I nrage'd by Fury, or by Love,
 Or both, I know not; such a deed
 Thou would'st effected, that I bleed
 To thinke thereon : alas poore elfe,
 What growne a traitour to thy selfe?
 This face, this haire, this hand so pure
 Were not ordain'd for nothing sure.
 Nor was it meant so sweet a breath
 Should be expos'd by such a death ;
 But rather in some louers brest
 Begiuen vp, the place that best
 Befits a louer yeeld his soule.
 Nor should those mortals ere controule
 The Gods, that in their wisdome sage
 Appointed haue what Pilgrimage
 Each one should runne: and why should men
 Abridge the iourney set by them?
 But much I wonder any wight
 If he did turne his outward sight
 Into his inward, dar'd to act
 Her death, whose body is compact
 Of all the beauties euer Nature
 Laid vp in store for earthly creature.
 No savage beast can be so cruell
 To rob the earth of such a Jewell.
 Rather the stately Vnicorne
 Would in his breast enrage scorne,
 That Maids committed to his charge
 By any beast in Forrest large

Should

Should so be wronged: *Satyres* rude
 Durst not attempt, or ere intrude.
 With such a minde the flowry balkes
 Where harmlesse Virgins haue their walkes,
 Would she be won with me to stay,
 My waters should bring from the Sea
 The Corrall red, as tribute due,
 And roundest pearles of Orient hue:
 Or in the richer veines of ground
 Should seeke for her the Diamond.
 And whereas now vnto my Spring
 They nothing else but grauell bring,
 They should within a Mine of Gold
 In piercing manner long time hold,
 And hauing it to dust well wrought,
 By them it hither should be brought;
 With which Ile paue and ouer-spread
 My bottome, where her foot shall tread,
 The best of Fishes in my flood
 Shall giue themselues to be her food.
 The *Trout*, the *Dace*, the *Pike*, the *Bream*,
 The *Eele*, that loues the troubled streame,
 The *Millers thombe*, the hiding *Loach*,
 The *Perch*, the euer-nibbling *Roach*,
 The *Shoats* with whom is *Tanie* fraught,
 The foolish *Gudgeon* quickly caught,
 And last the little *Minnow* fish,
 Whose chiefe delight in grauell is.
 In right she cannot me despise
 Because so low mine Empires lies.

For

For I could tell how Natures store
 Of Maiesty appeareth more
 In waters, then in all the rest
 Of Elements. It seem'd her best
 To giue the waues most strength and power:
 For they doe swallow and deuoure
 The earth; the waters quench and kill
 The flames of fire: and mounting still
 Vp in the aire, are seene to be,
 As challenging a Seignorie
 Within the heavens, and to be one
 That should haue like dominion.
 They be a seeling and a floore
 Of clouds, caus'd by the vapours store
 Arising from them, virall spirit
 By which all things their life inherit
 From them is stopped, kept asunder.
 And what's the reason else of Thunder,
 Of lightnings flashes all about,
 That with such violence breake out,
 Causing such troubles and such iarres,
 As with it selfe the world had warres?
 And can there any thing appeare
 More wonderfull, then in the aire
 Congealed waters oft to spie
 Continuing pendant in the Skie?
 Till falling downe in haile or snow,
 They make those mortall wights below
 To runne, and euer helpe desire
 From his foe Element the fire,

Which

Which fearing then to come abroad,
Within doores maketh his aboard.
Or falling downe oft time in raine,
Doth giue Greene Liuries to the plaine,
Make Shepherds Lambs fit for the dish,
And giue nutriment to fish.
Which nourisheth all things of worth
The earth produceth and brings forth;
And therefore well considering
The nature of it in each thing:
As when the teeming earth doth grow
So hard, that none can plow nor sow,
Her breast is doth so mollifie,
That it not onely comes to be!
More easie for the share and Oxe,
But that in Haruest times the shocks
Of Ceres hanging eared corne
Doth fill the Houell and the Barne:
To Trees and Plants I comfort giue,
By me they fructifie and liue:
For first ascending from beneath
Into the Skie, with liuely breath,
I thence am furnish'd, and bestow
The same on Herbs that are below.
So that by this each one may see
I cause them spring and multiply,
Who seeth this, can doe no lesse,
Then of his owne accord confesse,
That notwithstanding all the strength
The earth enioyes in breadth and length,

She

She is beholding to each streame,
 And hath receiv'd all from them.
 Her loue to him she then must giue
 By whom her selfe doth chiefly liue.

This being spoken by this waters God,
 He straight-way in his hand did take his rod,
 And strooke it on his banke, wherewith the flood
 Did such a roaring make within the wood,
 That straight the Nymph who then sat on her shore,
 Knew there was somewhat to be done in store:
 And therefore hastning to her Brothers Spring
 She spide what caus'd the waters echoing.
 Saw where faire *Marine* fast asleepe did lie,
 Whilst that the God still viewing her sat by:
 Who when he saw his Sister Nymph draw neare,
 He thus gan tune his voice vnto her eare.

My fairest Sister (for welcome
 Both from the swelling *Thetis* wombe)
 The reason why of late I strooke
 My ruling wand vpon my Brooke
 Was for this purpose, Late this Maid
 Which on my banke asleepe is laid,
 Was by her selfe or other wight,
 Cast in my spring, and did affright
 With her late fall, the fish that take
 Their chiefeest pleasure in my Lake:
 Of all the Fry within my deepe,
 None durst out of their dwellings peepe.
 The *Trout* within the weeds did scud,
 The *Eele* him hid within the mud.

Yea,

Yea, from this feare I was not free :
For as I musing fate to see.
How that the prettie Pibbles round
Came with my Spring from vnder ground,
And how the waters issuing
Did make them dance about my Spring;
The noise thereof did me appall:
That starting vpward therewithall,
I in my armes her bodie caught,
And both to light and life her brought :
Then cast her in a sleepe you see.
But Brother, to the cause (quoth she)
Why by your raging waters wilde
Am I here called? *That is* childe,
Replide the God, for thee I sent,
That when her time of sleepe is spent,
I may commit her to thy gage,
Since women best know womens rage.
Meane while, faire Nymph, accompanie
My Spring with thy sweet harmonic;
And we will make her soule to take
Some pleasure, which is said to wake,
Although the body hath his rest.
She gaue consent, and each of them addrest
Vnto their part. The warrie Nymph did sing
In manner of a prettie questioning :
The God made answer to what she propounded,
Whilst from the Spring a pleasant musicke sounded,
(Making each shrub in silence to adore them)
Taking their subiect from what lay before them.

D

Nymph.

Nymph.

WHat's that, compact of earth, insus'd with aire ;
 A certaine, made full with uncertainties ;
 Sway'd by the motion of each severall Spheare ;
 Who's fed with naught but infelicities ;
 Endures nor heat nor cold ; is like a Swan,
 That this houre sings, next dies ?

God. It is a Man.

Nymph. What's he, borne to be sick, so alwaies dying
 That's guided by inevitable Fate ;
 That comes in weeping, and that goes out crying ;
 Whose Kalender of woes is still in date ;
 Whose life's a bubble, and in length a span,
 A consort still in discords ?

God. Tis a man.

Nymph. What's hee, whose thoughts are still quell'd in
 Though ne'r so lawfull, by an opposite, (th'event,
 Hath all things fleeting, nothing permanent :
 And at his eares weares still a Parasite :
 Hath friends in wealth, or wealthie friends, who can
 In want prone meere illusions ?

God. Tis a Man.

Nymph. What's he, that what he is not, strives to seeme,
 That doth support an Atlas-weight of care :
 That of an outward good doth best esteeme :
 And looketh not within how solid they are :

That

That doth not vertuous, but the richest gain,
Learning and worth by wealth?
God. It is a Man.

Nymph. What's that possessor, which of good makes bad,
And what is worst, makes choice still for the best,
That grieveth most to thinke of what he had,
And of his chiefest losse accounteth least?

That doth not what he ought, but what he can,
Whose fancie's ever boundlesse?
God. 'Tis a man.

Nymph. But what is it wherein Dame Nature wrought
The best of works, the onely frame of Heauen,
And having long to finde a present sought,
Wherein the worlds whole beantie might be given,
She did resolve with all arts to summon,
To ioine with Natures framing?

God. 'Tis this Woman.

Nymph. If beantie be a thing to be admired,
And if admiring draw to it affection,
And what we doe affect is most desired,
What wight is he to loue denies subiection?
And can his thoughts within himselfe confine?

Marine that waking lay, said; Celandine.
He is the man that hates which some admire;
He is the wight that loathes whom most desire;
'Tis onely he to loue denies subiecting,

D

And

And but himselfe, thinkes none is worth affecting.
 Vnhappy me the while, accurst my Fate,
 That Nature giues no loue where she gaue hate.
 The warric Rulers then perceiued plaine,
 Nipt with the Winter of loues frost, Disdaine;
 This *Non-par-el* of beautie had beene led
 To doe an act which Ennie pitié:
 Therefore in pitié did conferre together,
 What Physicke best might cure this burning Feuer.
 At last found out that in a Groue below,
 Where shadowing *Sicamours* past number grow,
 A Fountaine takes his iourney to the Maine,
 Whose liquors nature was so soueraigne,
 (Like to the wondrous Well and famous Spring,
 Which in * *Boetia* hath his issuing)
 That who so of it doth but onely taste,
 All former memorie from him doth waste.
 Not changing any other worke of Nature,
 But doth endow the drinker with a feature
 More louely, faire *Medea* tooke from hence
 Some of this water, by whose quintessence,
Eson from age came backe to youth. This knowne,
 The God thus spake:

Nymph, be thine owne,
 And after mine. This Goddesse here
 (For shees no lesse) will bring thee where
 Thou shalt acknowledge Springs haue doe
 As much for thee as any one.
 Which ended, and thou gotten free,
 If thou wilt come and liue with me,

No

No Shepherds daughter, nor his wife,
Shall boast them of a better life.
Meane while I leaue thy thoughts at large,
Thy body to my sisters charge;
Whist I into my Spring doe diue,
To see that they doe not deprive
The Meadows neere, which much doe thirst,
Thus heated by the *Sunne*. May first
(Quoth *Mamine*) Swaines giue Lambs to thee,
And may thy Floud haue seignorie
Of all Flouds else, and to thy fame
Meet greater Springs, yet keepe thy name.
May neuer *Euer* nor the *Tede*,
Within thy bankes make their abode!
Taking thy iourney from the Sea,
Maist thou ne'er happen in thy way
On Niter or on Brimstone Mine,
To spoile thy taste! this Spring of thine
Let it of nothing taste but earth,
And salt conceiued, in their birth
Be euer fresh! Let no man dare
To spoile thy Fish, make locke or ware,
But on thy Margent still let dwell
Those flowers which haue the sweetest smell.
And let the dust vpon thy strand
Become like *Tagus* golden sand,
Let as much good betide to thee.
As thou hast fauour shew'd to mee.

Thus said, in gentle paces they remoue,
And hastned onward to the shadie Groue.

D 3

Where

Where both arriv'd, and having found the Rocks,
 Saw how this precious water it did locke.
 As he whom Avarice possesseth most,
 Drawne by necessitie unto his cost,
 Doth drop by peece-meale downe his prison'd gold,
 And seemes vnwilling to let goe his hold:
 So the strong rocke the water long time stops,
 And by degrees lets it fall downe in drops,
 Like hoarding huswives that doe mold their food,
 And keepe from others, what doth them no good.

The drops without a Cesterne fall of stone,
 Which fram'd by *Nature*, *Art* had neuer one
 Halfe part so curious. Many spells then vsing,
 The water; Nymph twixt *Marines* lips infusing
 Part of this water, she might straight perceiue
 How soone her troubled thoughts began to leaue
 Her Loue swolne-breast; and that her inward flame
 Was cleane allwaged, and the very name
 Of *Celandine* forgotten; did scarce know
 If there were such a thing as Loue or no.
 And sighing, therewithall threw in the aire
 All former loue, all sorrow, all despaire;
 And all the former causes of her mone
 Did therewith burie in obliuion.
 Then mustring vp her thoughts, growne vagabonds
 Prest to releue her inward bleeding wounds,
 She had as quickly all things past forgotten,
 As men doe Monarchs that in earth lie rotten.
 As one new borne she seem'd, so all discerning, (singing,
 "Though things long learned, are the longest vnlearn-
 Then

Then walk'd they to a Grove but neere at hand,
Where fierie *Titan* had but small command,
Because the leaues conspiring kept his beames,
For feare of hurting (when hee's in extreames)
The vnder-flowers, which did enrich the ground
With sweeter scents than in *Arabia* found. hale
The earth doth yeeld (which they through pores ex-
Earths best of odours, th' *Aromaticall*:-
Like to that smell which oft our sense deserues
Within a field which long vnplow'd lies,
Somewhat before the setting of the Sunne;
And where the Raine-bow in the *Horizon*
Doth pitch her tips: or as when in the prime,
The earth being troubled with a drought long time,
The hand of Heauen his spungie Clouds doth straine,
And throwes into her lap a showre of raine;
She sendeth vp (conceiu'd from the Sunne)
A sweet perfume and exhalation.
Not all the Ointments brought from *Delos Ile*;
Nor from the confines of seuen-headed *Nile*;
Nor that brought whence *Phanicians* haue abodes;
Nor *Cyprus* wilde Vine-flowers, nor that of *Rhodes*;
Nor *Roses-oile* from *Naples*, *Capua*,
Saffron confected in *Cilicia*;
Nor that of *Quinces*, nor of *Marioram*,
That euer from the Ile of *Coös* came.
Nor these, nor any else, though ne'er so rare,
Could with this place for sweetest smells compare.
There stood the *Elme*, whose shade so mildly dim,
Doth nourish all that groweth vnder him.

Cypresse that like *Piramides* runne topping,
 And hurt the least of any by their dropping.
 The *Alder*, whose fat shadow nourisheth,
 Each Plant set neere to him long flourisheth.
 The heauie-headed *Plane-tree*, by whose shade
 The grasse growes thickest, men are fresher made.
 The *Oake*, that best endures the Thunder-shocks :
 The euerm-lasting *Ebene*, *Cedar*, *Box*.
 The *Olive* that in Wainscot neuer cleaues.
 The amorous *Vine* which in the *Elme* still weanes.
 The *Lotus*, *Iuniper*, where wormes ne'er enter :
 The *Pyne*, with whom men through the *Ocean* venter.
 The warlike *Yewgh*, by which (more then the Lance)
 The strong-arm'd *English* spirits conquer'd *France*.
 Amongst the rest the *Tamariske* there stood,
 For *Huswiues* bosomes onely knowne most good.
 The cold-place-louing *Birch*, and *Seruis* tree :
 The *Walnut* louing vales, and *Mulbury*.
 The *Maple*, *Ashe*, that doe delight in Fountaines,
 Which haue their currents by the sides of Mountains.
 The *Lasrell*, *Mirtle*, *Iuy*, *Date*, which hold
 Their leaues all Winter, be it ne'er so cold.
 The *Firre*, that oftentimes dorth *Rosin* drop :
 The *Beech* that scales the Welkin with his top :
 All these, and thousand more within this Groue,
 By all the industry of Nature stroue
 To frame an Harbour that might keepe within it
 The best of beauties that the world hath in it.

Here entering, at the entrance of which shroud,
 The *Sunne* halfe angry hid him in a cloud,

As

SONE 2. *Britannia's Pastorals.*

41

As raging that a Groue should from his sight
Locke vp a beauty whence himselfe had light.
The flowers pull'd in their heads as being sham'd
Their beauties by the others were defam'd.

Neere to this Wood there lay a pleasant Mead,
Where Fairies often did their Measures tread,
Which in the Meadow made such circles geene,
As if with Garlands it had crowned beene,
Or like the Circle where the Signes we tracke,
And learned Shepherds call't the *Zodiacke* :
Within one of these rounds was to be scene
A Hillocke rise, where oft the *Fairy-Queene*
At twy-light sate, and did command her Elues,
To pinch those Maids that had not swept their
And further if by Maidens ouer-sight, (shelues;
Within doores water were not brought at night :
Or if they spread no Table, set no Bread,
They should haue nips from toe vnto the head :
And for the Maid that had perform'd each thing,
She in the Water-paile bade leaue a Ring.

Vpon this Hill there sat a louely *Swaine*,
As if that Nature thought it great disdain
That he should (so through her his *Genius* told him)
Take equall place with *Swaines*, since she did hold him
Her chiefest worke, and therefore thought it fit,
That with inferiours he should neuer sit.
Narcissus change, sure *Onid* cleane mistooke,
He dy'd not looking in a Crystill brooke,
But (as those which in emulation gaze)
He pinde to death by looking on this face.

When

When he stood fishing by some Rivers brim,
 The fish would leape, more for a sight of him
 Then for the flie. The Eagle highest bred,
 Was taking him once vp for *Ganimed*.
 The shag-haired *Satyres*, and the tripping *Faunes*,
 With all the troope that frolicke on the Lawnes,
 Would come and gaze on him, as who should say
 They had not seene his like this many a day.
 Yea *Venus* knew no difference twixt these twaine,
 Saue *Adon* was a Hunter, this a Swaine.
 The woods sweet *Queristers* from spray to spray
 Would hop them neerer him, and then there stay:
 Each ioying greatly from his little hart,
 That they with his sweet Reed might beare a part:
 This was the Boy, (the Poets did mistake)
 To whom bright *Cynthia* so much loue did make;
 And promis'd for his loue no scornfull eyes
 Should euer see her more in horned guise:
 But she at his command would as of dutie
 Become as full of light as he of beautie.
Lucina at his birth for Mid-wife stucke:
 And *Citherea* nurc'd and gaue him sucke,
 Who to that end, once Doue-drawne from the Sea,
 Her full Paps dropt, whence came the *Milkie-way*.
 And as when *Plato* did i'th' Cradle thrue,
 Beesto his lips brought honey from their Hiue:
 So to this Boy they came, I know not whether
 They brought, or from his lips did honey gather.
 The Wood-Nymphs oftentimes would buſied be,
 And placke for him the blushing Strawberrye:

Making

Making of them a Bracelet on a Bent,
 Which for a fauour to this Swaine they sent.
 Sitting in shades, the *Swaine* would oft by skips
 Steale through the boughes, and seize vpon his lips.
 The chiefest cause the *Swaine* did condescend
 To *Phaetons* request, was to this end,
 That whilst the other did his *Horfes* reyne,
 He might slide from his *Spheare*, & court this Swaine;
 Whose sparkling eyes w'd lustre with the Starres,
 The truest Center of all Circulars.
 In briebe, if any man in skill were able
 To finish vp *Apelles* halfe-done Table,
 This Boy (the man left out) were fittest sure
 To be the pattern of that portraiture.

Piping he fate, as merry as his looke,
 And by him lay his Bottle and his Hooke.
 His buskins (edg'd with siluer) were of silke,
 Which held a legge more white then mornings milk.
 Those Buskins he had got and brought away
 For dancing best vpon the *Reuell* day:
 His Oaren Reede did yeeld forth such sweet Notes,
 Ioyned in consort with the Birds shrill throtes,
 That equaliz'd the Harmony of *Sphaeres*,
 A Musicke that would rauish choicest eares.
 Long look'd they on (who would not long looke on,
 That such an object had to looke vpon?)
 Till at the last the Nymph did *Marine* send,
 To aske the neereſt way, whereby to wend
 To those faire walkes where sprung *Marina's* ill
 Whilst she would stay: *Marine* obey'd her will,
 And

And hastned towards him (who would not doe so,
That such a pretty iourney had to goe?)

Sweetly she came, and with a modest blush,
Gave him the day, and then accosted thus :

+ Fairest of men, that (whilst thy flocke doth feed)

Sitt'st sweetly piping on thine Oaten Reed

Vpon this *Little berry* (some ycleep

A Hillocke) void of care, as are thy sheepe

Devoid of spots, and sure on all this Greene

A fairer flocke as yet was neuer seene :

Doe me this fauour (men should fauour Maids)

That whatsoever path directly leads,

And void of danger, thou to me doe show,

That by it to the Marish I might goe.

Mariage ! (quoth he) mistaking what she said,

Natures perfection : thou most fairest Maid,

(If any fairer then the fairest may be)

Come sit thee downe by me ; know louely Ladie,

Loue is the readiest way : if tane aright

You may attaine thereto full long ere night.

The Maiden thinking he of Marish spoke,

And not of Mariage, straight-way did inuoke,

And praid the Shepheards God might alwaies keepe

Him from all danger, and from Wolues his sheepe.

Wishing withall that in the prime of Spring

Each sheepe he had, two Lambs might yecrely bring.

But yet (quoth she) arede good gentle Swaine,

If in the Dale below, or on yond Plaine ;

Or is the Village situate in a Groue,

Through which my way lies, and ycleeped loue ?

Nor

Nor on yond Plaine, nor in this neighbouring wood;
Nor in the Dale where glides the siluer flood;
But like a Beacon on a hill so hie,
That euery one may see: which passeth by
Is Loue yplac'd: ther's nothing can it hide,
Although of you as yet 'tis vnespide.
But on which hill (quoth she) pray tell me true?
Why here (quoth he) it sits and talkes to you.
And are you Loue (quoth she?) fond Swaine adue,
You guide me wrong, my way lies not by you.
Though not your way, yet you may lye by me:
Nymph, with a Shepherd thou as merrily
Maist loue and line, as with the greatest Lord.
"Greatnesse doth neuer most content afford.
I loue thee onely, not affect worlds pelfe,
"She is not lou'd, that's lou'd not for her selfe.
How many Shepherds daughters, who in dutie
To griping fathers haue intral'd their beautie,
To wait vpon the *Gout*, to walke when pleases
Old *Ianuary* halt. O that diseases
Should linke with youth: She that hath such a mate
Is like two twins borne both incorporate:
Th'one liuing, th'other dead: the liuing twin
Must needs be slaine through noysomnesse of him
He carrieth with him: such are their estates,
Who meereley marry wealth and not their mates.
As ebbing waters freely slide away,
To pay their tribute to the raging Sea;
When meeting with the floud they iustle stout,
Whether the one shall in, or th'other out:

Till

Fill the strong flood new power of wates doth bring,
And drives the River backe into his Spring:

So *Marine's* words offering to take their course,
By *Loue* then entring, were kept backe, and force
To it, his sweet face, eyes, and tongue assign'd,
And shrew them backe againe into her minde.

"How hard it is to leave and not to do

"That which by nature we are prone unto?

"We hardly can (alas why not) disscuse,

"When Nature hath decreed it must be thus,

"It is a Maxime held of all, knowne plaine,

"Thrust Nature off with forkes, shee'll turne againe.

Bliche *Deridon* (so men this Shepherd hight)

Seeing his Goddesse in a silent plight,

("Loue often makes the (speeches organs mute,)

Began againe thus to reque his sute :

If by my words your silence hath beene such,

Faith I am sorry I have spoke so much.

Barre I those lips ? fit to be th' vnters, when

The heauens would parly with the chiefe of men.

Fir to direct (a tongue all hearts conuinces)

When best of Scribes writes to the best of Princes,

Were mine like yours, of choifest words complearest,

"I'd shew how grief's a thing weiglis down the great

"The best of formes (who knows not) grief doth tell

"The skilfull'st Pencil neuer yet could paint it. (raint it,

And reason good, since no man yet could finde

What figure represents a griued minde.

Me thnkes a troubled thought is thus exprest,

To be a *Chaos* rude and indigelt;

Where

Where all doe rule, and yernone beares chiefe sway :
Checkt onely by a power that's more then they.
This doe I speake, since to this euery louer
That thus doth loue, is thus still giuen ouer.
If that you say you will not, cannot loue :
Oh Heauens ! for what cause then do you here moue ?
Are you not fram'd of that expectest mold,
For whom all in this Round concordance hold ?
Or are you framed of some other fashion,
And haue a forme and heart, but yet a passion ?
It cannot be : for then vnto what end
Did the best worke-man this great worke intend ?
Not that by minds commerce, and ioynt estate,
The worlds continuers still should propagate ?
Yea, if that Reason (Regent of the Senses)
Haue but a part amongst your excellences,
Shee'll tell you what you call *Virginitie*,
Is fidly lik'ned to a barren tree ;
Which when the Gardner on it paines bestowes,
To graffe an Impe thereon, in time it growes
To such perfection, that it yeerely brings
As goodly fruit, as any tree that springs.
Beleeue me Maiden, vow no chastitie :
For maidens but imperfect creatures be.
Alas poore Boy (quoth *Marine*) haue the Fates
Exempted no degrees ? are no estates
Free from Loues rage ? Be rul'd : vnhappy Swaine,
Call backe thy spirits, and recollect againe
Thy vagrant wits. I tell thee for a truth
" Loue is a *Siren* that doth shipwracke youth.

Be

Be well advis'd, thou entertainst a guest
 That is the Harbinger of all vnrest:
 VVhich likethe Vipers young, that licketh the earth,
 Eat out the breeders wombe to get a birth.

Faith (quoth the Boy) I know there cannot be,
 Danger in louing or inioying thee.
 For what cause were things made and called good,
 But to be loued? If you vnderstood
 The Birds that prattle here, you would know then,
 As birds wooe birds, maids should be woo'd of men.
 But I want power to wooe, since what was mine
 Is fled, and lye as vassals at your shrine:
 And since what's mine is yours, let that same moue,
 Although in me you see nought worthy Loue.
Marine about to speake, forth of a sling
 (Fortune to all misfortunes plyes her wing
 More quicke and speedy) came a sharped flint,
 VVhich in the faire boyes necke made such a dint,
 That crimson bloud came streaming from the wound,
 And he fell downe into a deadly swoond,
 The bloud ran all along where it did fall,
 And could not finde a place of buriall:
 But where it came, it there congealed flood,
 As if the Earth loath'd to drinke guilelesse blood.

Gold-haired *Apollo*, Muses sacred King,
 VVhose praise in *Delphos* Ile doth euer ring:
 Physickes first founder, whose Arts excellence
 Extracted Natures chiefest quintessence,
 Vnwillig that a thing of such a worth
 Should so be lost, straight sent a Dragon forth

To

To fetch this bloud, and he perform'd the same:
 And now Apothecaries give it name,
 From him that fetcht it: (Doctors know it good
 In Physicks vse) and call it *Dragons bloud*.
 Some of the bloud by chance did down-ward fall,
 And by a veine got to a Minerall,
 VVhence came a Red, decayed Dames infuse it
 VVith *Venice Ceruse*, and for painting vse it.
Marine astonisht (most vnhappy Maid)
 O'er-come with feare, and at the view affraid,
 Fell downe into a trance; eyes lost their sight,
 VVhich being open, made all darknesse light.
 Her bloud ran to her heart, or life to feed,
 Or lothing to behold so vile a deed.

And as when VVinter doth the Earth annoy
 In siluer-sute, and when the night and day
 Are in dissention, Night locks vp the ground,
 VVhich by the helpe of day is oft vnbound:
 A shepherds boy with bow and shaft addrest,
 Ranging the fields, hauing once pierc'd the breast
 Of some poore fowle, doth with the blow straight
 To catch the Bird lyes panting in the Bush
 So rush this striker in, vp *Marine* coue,
 And hastned with her to a neere-hand Brooke,
 Old Shepherds sainte (old Shepherds looth hand same)
 Two Riuer took their fill from the Main,
 Both neere together, and each bene his face,
 VVhich of them both should first beholde the face
 Of Radiant *Phaebus*: One of them in gliding
 Chanc'd on a Veine where *Nere* had abiding:

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E

The

The other loathing that her purer Waue
 Should be defil'd with that the *Nicer* gaut,
 Fled fast away, the other follow'd fast,
 Till both beene in a Rocke ymet at last.
 As seem'd best, the Rocke did first deliver
 Out of his hollow sides the purer Riuer:
 (As if it taught those men in honour clad,
 To helpe the vertuous and suppress the bad.)
 Which gotten loose, did softly glide away.
 As men from earth to earth; from sea to sea;
 So Riuer, run: and that from whence both came,
 Takes what the gaud: *Waves*, *Earth*: but leaues a
 As waters haue their course, & in their place, (name)
 Succeeding streames will ouer, so is mans race:
 The *Name* doth still suruiue, and cannot die,
 Vntill the Channels stop, or Spring grow dry.

As I haue scene vpon a Bridall day
 Full many Maids clad in their best array,
 In honour of the Bride come with their Flaskets,
 Fill'd full with flowers: others in wicker-baskets
 Bring from the Marsh Rushes, to ouer-spread
 The ground, whereto Church the Louers tread:
 Whilst that the quaintest youth of all the Plaine
 Vshers their way with many a piping straine:
 So, as in joy, at this faire Riuer birth,
 Triton came vpon a Channell with his mirth,
 And call'd the neight'ring Nymphs each in her turne
 To pour their pretty Riuiers from their Vnes:
 To wait vpon this new-delivered Spring: (bring)
 Some running through the Meadows, with them

Cowslip and *Mint*: and 'tis anothers loc
 To light vpon some Gardeners curious knot;
 Whence she vpon her brest (loues sweet repose)
 Doth bring the *Queene* of flowers, the *English Rose*.
 Some from the Fenne bring *Reeds*, *Wilde-tyme* from
 Some frō a Groue the *Bay* that *Poets* crowns; (*Downs*;
 Some from an aged *Rocke* the *Mosse* hath torne,
 And leaues him naked vnto winters storme:
 Another from her bankes (in meeke good will)
 Brings nutriment for fish, the *Camomill*;
 Thus all bring somewhat, and doe ouer-spread
 The way the Spring vnto the Sea doth tread.

This while the *Flood* which yet the *Rocks* vnto pent;
 And suffered not with iocund merriment
 To tread rounds in his Spring, came rushing forth,
 As angry that his waues (he thought) of worth
 Should not haue libertie, nor helpe the prymer,
 And as some ruder Swaine composing ryme,
 Spends many a gray Goose-quill vnto the handle,
 Buries within his socket many a Candle;
 Blots Paper by the quire, and dries vp Inke,
 As *Xerxes* *Armie* did whole Riuers drinke,
 Hoping thereby his name his works should raise
 That it should liue vntill the last of dayes;
 Which finished, he boldly doth addresse
 Him and his workes to vnder-goe the Presse;
 When loe (O Fate!) his worke not seeming fit
 To walke in equipage with better wit, (wormes;
 Is kept from light, there gnawne by Moathes and
 At which he frets: Right so this Riuer stormes:

But broken forth; As *Tany* creeps vpon
 The Westernie vales of fertile *Albion*,
 Here dashes roughly on an aged Rocke;
 That his intended passage doth vp locke;
 There intricately mongst the Woods doth wander,
 Lofing himfelfe in many a wry Meander:
 Here amorously bent, clips some faire Mead;
 And then dispers't in rills, doth measures tread
 Vpon her bosome 'mongst her flowry ranks:
 There in another place beares downe the banks,
 Of some day labouring wretch: here meets a rill,
 And with their forces ioynd eues out a Mill
 Into an Island, then in iocund guise
 Suruayes his conquest, lauds his enterprise:
 Here digs a Caue at some high Mountaines foot:
 There undermines an Oake, teares vp his root:
 Thence rushing to some Country-farmie at hand,
 Breaks o'er the Yeomans mounds, sweepes from his
 His Haruest hope of Wheat, of Rye, or Pease: (land
 And makes that channell which was Shepherds lease:
 Here, as our wicked age doth sacriledge,
 Helpes downe an Abbey, then a naturall bridge
 By creeping vnder ground he frameth out,
 As who should say he either went about
 To right the wrong he did, or hid his face,
 For hauing done a deed so vile and base:
 So ran this Rauer on, and did bestirre
 Himfelfe, to finde his fellow-Trauellers
 But th' other fearing lest her noyse might show
 What path she took, which way her streams did flow:

As

As some way-faring man strays ch'row a wood,
 Where beasts of prey thirsting for humane blood,
 Lurke in their dens, he softly listning goes,
 Not trusting to his heeles, treads on his toes:
 Dreads eudry noise he heares, thinks each small bushy
 To be a beast that would vpon him rush:
 Feareth to dye, and yet his winde doth smother,
 Now leaues this path, takes that, then to another:
 Such was her course. This feared to be found,
 The other not to finde, swels o' each mound,
 Roars, roges, foams, against a mount intrudess,
 And in recoil, makes Meadows standing plashes:
 Yet findes not what he seekes in all his way,
 But in despair runs headlong to the Sea:
 This was the cause when by tradition taught,
 Why one floud ran so fast, the other so slow,
 Both from one head: Watch her rough hat streame,
 (Crown'd by that Meadow with flowry Diademe,
 Where *Donidon* lay buried) the cruel Swaine
 Hurries the Shepherdess, where he might leane
 Her in a Boat like the *Cannoe* of *Inde*,
 Some silly trough of wood, or some ruder made,
 Puts from the shoare, and leaues her weeping and trand,
 Intends an act by water, which the land
 Abhor'd to bolster, yea, the guiltless earth
 Loath'd to be Mid-wife to so vile a birth:
 Which to relate I am forc'd to wrong
 The modest blushes of my Maiden-song.
 Then each faire Nymph whom Nature hath endow'd
 With beauties cheek, crown'd with a shamefast brow,

An obscene
Lian Poet.

Whose well-tur'd eares, chaste-obiect-loving eynes
Ne'er heard nor saw the workes of *Arctine*;
Who ne'er came on the *Cirtherian* shelves;
But is as true as Chastitie it selfe;
Where hated Impudence ne'er set her feet;
Where lust lies nor vail'd in a virgins weed:
Let her with-draw. Let each young Shepherding
Walke by, or stop his eare, the whilst I sing.

But yet, whose blood, like Kids vpon a plaine,
Doth skip, and dance *Lambroes* in each veine;
Whose beets are swolne with the *Romane* game,
And warme your selues at lusts alluring flame;
Who dare to act as much as men dare thinke,
And wallowing lye within a sensuall sinke;
Whose sailed postures doe strap our youth
With an apparancie of simple truth;
Infatuate gulbs, in your defective part
By Art help of Nature, and by Nature, Art
Lend me your eares, and I will touch a string
Shall lull your sense asleepe the while I sing.

But stay: me thinkes I heare something in me
That bids me keepe the boundes of modestie;
Says, "Each mans voice to this is quickly moued"
"Which of himselfe is best of all beloued;
"By vttring what thou knowst, lest glory's got;
"Then by concealing what thou knowest not;
If so, I yeeld to it, and seeme to rest
Rather to lose the bad, then wrong the best.
My Maiden Muse flies the lasciuious Swaine,
And seemes to soyle her lines with lustfull straines
Will

Will not dilate (nor on her fore-head beare
 Immodesties abhorred Character)
 His shamelesse prying, his vndercent doings,
 His curious searches, his respectlesse workings,
 How that he saw. But what? I dare not breake in;
 You safer may conceiue, then I dare speake it.
 Yet verily had he not thought her dead;
 Sh'ad lost, ne'er so he found, her Maiden-head.

The rougher streames, teaching a thing compacted
 Of so great shame, should on his Floud beasted;
 (According to our times not well allow'd
 In others, what he in himselfe saw w'd)
 Bent hard his fore-head, furrow'd up his face,
 And danger'd the way the boat did trace,
 And as within a *Landskip*, that doth stand
 Wrought by the Pencil of some curious hand;
 We may discry, here meadow, there a wood,
 Here standing ponds, and there a running flood;
 Here on some mount a house of pleasure wanted,
 Where once the roaring Cannon had bene planted;
 There on a hill a Swaine pipes out the day,
 Out-braving all the Quisters of *May*;
 A Hunt-man here follows his cry of hounds,
 Driuing the Hare along the fallow grounds;
 Whilst one at hand seeing the spot allow'd,
 Followes the hounds, and carelesse leaues the Floud.
 There in another place some high-fais'd land,
 In pride beares out her breasts vnto the strand.
 Here stands a bridge, and there a conduit head,
 Here rounds *May*-pole some the measures tread.

W

E 4

There

There boyes the truane play and leaue their booke:
 Here stands an Angler with a baited hooke,
 There for a Stagge one lurkes within a bough,
 Here sits a Maiden milking of her Cow.
 There on a goodly plaine (by time throwne downe) he
 Lies buried in his dust some ancient Towne;
 Who now inuillaged, there's onely scene
 In his vaster time what his state had beene,
 And all of these in shadowes to exprest
 Make the beholders eyes to take no rest.
 So for the Swaine the Flood did meane to him
 To shew in Nature (not by Art to limbe)
 A Tempests rage, his furious waters threat,
 Some on this shore, some on the other beat,
 Here stands a Mountaine, where was once a Dale,
 There where a Mountaine stood is now a Vale,
 Here flowes a billow, there another meere,
 Each; on each side the skiffe, vnkindly heere,
 The waters vnderneath gan upward moue,
 Wondring what stratagems were wrought about,
 Billowes that mist the boar, then onward thrust,
 And on the Cliffs, as swift with anger, burst.
 All these, and more, in substance so exprest,
 Made the beholder, though hee to take no rest,
 Horror in triumph rid vpon the waues;
 And all the Furies from their gloomy caues
 Came housinge to the Boat, around each fence
 Before the full barre of Conscience;
 Were guilty all, and all condemned were
 To vndergo their horrors with despaire.

What

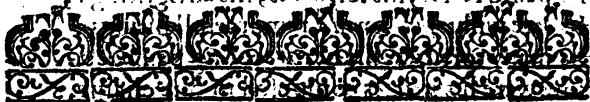
What Muse? what Powre? or what thrice sacred
 That liues immortall in a well-tun'd Verse, (Hercle,
 Can lend me such a light that I might see
 A guilty conscience true *Anatomic*;
 That well-kept Register wherein is writ
 All ils men doe, all goodnesse they omit
 His pallid feares, his sorrowes, his affrightings;
 His late *will-shall* *was-were*, remorsefull brawlings;
 His many tortures, his heart-rending paine:
 How were his guides compos'd in one chaine,
 And he by it let downe into the Seas,

Or th'row the *Cange* to th' *Antipodes*? (face;
 He might change Climates, or be barr'd Heavens
 Yet finde no salue, nor such change his case.
 Feares, sorrowes, tortures, sad affrightes, nor any,
 Like to the Conscience sting, though thrice as many,
 Yet all these torments by the Swaine were borne.
 Whilst Deaths grim visage lay vpon the storme.

But as when some kind Nurse doth long time keep
 Her pretty babe at rest, whom faine asleep
 She layes downe in his Cradle, stiles his cry
 With many a sweet and pleasing *Dumby*;
 Whilst the sweet childe, not troubled with the shocke
 As freely slumbers, as his Nurse doth rocke:
 So lay the Maid, th' amazed Swaine sat weeping,
 And death in her was dispossest by sleeping.
 The roaring voyce of winds, the billowes rage,
 Nor all the muttering of the fullen waues
 Could once all quiet, or her slumber sturre:
 But lo! when more asleep then wakened her.

Such

Such are their states, whose soules from foule offence
 Enthroned sit in spotlesse Innocence,
 Where rest my Muse, still (Jolly Shepherds, Swaines)
 Next morne with Pearles of dew bedecks our plaines,
 Wee'll fold our flockes, then in fit time go on
 To tune mine Oaten pipe for Doridon.



THE THIRD SONG.

THE SHEPHERDS SWAINES BEARE SINGING
 Tels of the cure of Doridon:
 And then unto the waters faine
 Chanteth the rusticke Pastorals.



Ow had the *Sonne*, in golden chariot hurl'd
 Twice bid good-morrow to the nether world:
 And *Cynthia*, in her orbe and perfect round,
 Twice view'd the shadowes of the vpper ground.
 Twice

Twice had the *Dawn* shew'd her'd forth the light; and
 And twice the *Evening* shew'd proclaim'd the night;
 Ere once the sweet-fac'd Boy (now all forlorne)
 Came with his Pipe to resalute the Morne.

When grac'd by (sing) (unhappy) times she while
 The cruell Swaine (who e'er knew Swaine so vile?)
 Had stroke the Lad; in came the watty Nymph;
 To raise from sound poodre *Loridon* (the Imp);
 Whom Nature seem'd to haue selected forth
 To be ingrafted on some stocke of worth;
 And the Maids helpe; but since "so doomes of Fate"
 "Succour, though ne'er so soone, comes still too late."
 She rais'd the youth; then with her armes embracing him,
 And so with words of hope she home wards brings //

At doore expecting him his Mother late,
 Wondring her Boy would stay from her so late;
 Framing for him vnto her selfe excuses;
 And with such thoughts gladly her selfe abuses
 As that her sonne, since day grew old and weake,
 Staid with the Maids to runne at *Burles* (sake)
 Or that he cou'd a *Pake* with females straght;
 Which would not run except they might be caught;
 Or in the thicket layd some wily snare
 To take the Rabbe; or he pour blind Hare
 Or taught his Dogge to catch the climbing Kid;
 Thus she hears doo; and thus she thought he did
 "In things expected meeting with delay;
 "Thought there be none, nor frame some cause of stay;
 And so did she, (as she who doth not for)
 Coniecture Time vntwining'd he came so slow.

But

But *Dorinda* drew nearer, so did her griefe:
 "All lucke, for speed, of all things else is chiefe,
 For as the *Blinde-man* sung, *Time* so provides;
 That *loy* goes still on foot, and *sorrow* rides.
 Now when she saw (a wofull sight) her sonne,
 Her hopes then fail'd her, and her cries begun
 To utter such a plaint, that scarce another
 Like this; ere came from any loue-sicke mother.

If man hath done this, heaven why mad'st thou
 Not to deface thee in thy children;
 But by the works the *Work-man* to adore
 Framing that something, which was nought before?
 Aye me unhappy wretch! if that in things
 Which are as we (saue title) men feare Kings,
 That be their Postures to the life limb'd on
 Some wood as fraile as they, or cut in stone
 'Tis death to stab: why then should earthly things
 Dare to deface his formership formed King?
 When the world was but in his infancy,
 Reuenge, Desires vnjust, wilkeatoufis,
 Hate, Envy, Murder, all these six then raigned,
 When but their halfe of men the world contain'd
 Yet but in part of these, who smil'd then;
 When now as many vices increase men,
 Liue they? yes thus I feare to kill my Sonne,
 With whom my ioyts, my loue, my hopes are done.
 Cease, quoth the *Warre-Nymph*, that let thy Gwaite;
 Though tis each mothers cause thus to complain:
 Yet "abstinence in things we must professe
 "Which *Warre* fram'd for need, not for exesse.
 Since

Since the least blond, drawne from the lesser part
Of any childe, comes from the Mothers lart,
We cannot chuse but grieve, except char wee
Should be more sensleſſer than the ſenſleſſe tree,
Reply'd his Mother: Doe but cut the limbe
Of any Tree, the trunk will weepe for him

Rend the cold *Sycamore's* thimbarke in two,
His Name and Teares, would ſay, So *Lane* ſhould do.
"Thap Mother is all ſtint (then beaſts leſſe good),
"Which drops no water when her childes ſtreames

At this the wounded Boy fell on his knee, (blood
Mother, kinde Mother (ſaid) weep not for mee,
Why, I am well: Indeed I am: If you
Cease not to weepe, my wound will bleed anew:
When I was promiſt ſiſt the lights fruition,
You oft haue told me, 'twas on this condition,
That I ſhould hold it with like rent and paine
As others doe, and long time leaue to gaine.

Then decreſt mother leaue, oh leaue to baile,
"Time will effect, where teares can nought availle:

Herewith *Maria* taking vp her ſonne,
Her hope, her loue, her ioy, her *Doridan*,
She thank'd the *Nymph*, for her kinde ſuccour lent,
Who ſtraight tript to her warry Regiment.

Downe in a dell (where in that Month whoſe
Grows greater by the man who gave it name,
Stand many a well-pl'd cocke of ſtore ſweet hay,
That feeds the huſbands Near each Womers day)
A mountaine had his foot, and gan to riſe
In ſtately height to partee with the Skies

And

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Caſar.

And yet as blaming his own lofty gate,
 Waighing the fickle props in things of state,
 His head began to droope, and down-wards bending,
 Knockt on that brest which gaue it birch and ending:
 And lyes so with an hollow hanging vaine,
 As when some boy trying the *Somersaunt*,
 Stands on his head, and feet, as hee did lie
 To kicke against earthe spangled Canopies;
 When seeing that his heeles are of such weight,
 That he cannot obtaine their purpos'd height,
 Leaues any more to striue; and thus doth say,

What now I cannot doe, another day
 May well effect: it cannot be denide
 I shew'd a will to rise, because I ride:
 The *Scornfull-hill* men call'd him, who did scorne
 So to be call'd, by reason he had borne
 No hate to greatness, but a mind to be
 The slave of greatness, through Humilitie:
 For had his Mother Nature thought it meet
 He meekly bowing would haue kiss'd her feet.

Vnder the hollow hanging of this hill
 There was a Cane cut out by Nature's skill
 Or else it seem'd the Mount did open's brest,
 That all might see what thoughts he there possesse
 Whose glomy entrance was enuiron'd round
 With shrubs that cloy ill husbands Meadow-ground:
 The thick-growne *Haw-thorne* & the binding *Bryer*,
 The *Holly* that our dares cold Winters ire
 Who all intwinde, each limbe with limbe did deale,
 That scarce a glympse of light could in ward steale.

An

An vn-couth place, fit for an vn-couth minde,
 That is as heavy as that caue is blinde;
 Here liu'd a man his hoary haire call'd old,
 Vpon whose front time many yeares had told.
 Who, since Dame Nature in him feeble grew,
 And he vnapt to giue the world ought new,
 The secret power of Herbes that grow on mold,
 Sought ought, to cherish and relieue the old.

Hither *Mariada* all in haste came running,
 And with her teares desir'd the old mans cunning.
 When this good man (as goodnesse still is prest
 At all assayes, to helpe a wight distrest)
 As glad and willing was to ease her sonne,
 As she would euer ioy to see it done.
 And giuing her a salve in leaues vp bound;
 And she directed how to cure the wound,
 With thanks, made home-wards, (longing still to see
 Th' effect of this good *Hermit* Surgeon)
 There carefully, her sonne laid on a bed,
 (Enriched with the blond he on it shed)
 She washes, dresses, bindes his wound (yet sore)
 That griev'd, it could weepe blood for him no more.

Now had the glorious *Synne* ran vp his *lune*,
 And all the lamps of heau'n inlightened bin;
 Within the gloomy shades of some thicke Spring;
 Sad *Philomel* gan on the Haw-thorne sing,
 (Whilst every beast at rest was lowly laid)
 The outrage done vpon a silly Maid.
 All things were hush, each bird slept on his bough;
 And night gaue rest to him, day tyrd at plough;

Each

Each beast, each bird, and each day-royling wight,
 Receiv'd the comfort of the silent night:
 Free from the gripes of sorrow every one,
 Except poore *Philomel* and *Doriden*;
 She on a Thorne sings sweet though sighing strains;
 He on a couch more soft, more sad complains:
 Whose in-pent thoughts him long time hauing pai-
 He sighing wept, & weeping thus complained, (ned,
 Sweet *Philomela* (then he heard her sing)
 I doe not envy thy sweet carolling,
 But doe admire thee, that each euen and morrow,
 Canst carelesly thus sing away thy sorrow,
 Would I could doe so too! and euer be
 In all my woes still imitating thee:
 But I may not attaine to that; for then
 Such most unhappy, miserable men
 Would strue with Heauen, and imitate the Sunne,
 Whose golden beames in exhalation,
 Though drawn from Fens, or other grounds impure,
 Turne all to fructifying nourture.
 When we draw nothing by our Sun-like eyes,
 That euer turnes to mirth, but miseries;
 Would I had neuer seene, except that she
 Who made me wish so, Ioue to looke on me,
 Had *Celia* Cleare yet liu'd, (but he is gone)
 That best on earth could tune a lovers mone,
 Whose sadder Tones inforc'd the Rocks to weepe,
 And laid the greatest griefes in quiet sleepe:
 Who when he sung (as I would doe to mine)
 His truest loues to his faire *Rosalme*,

Entic'd

Entic'd each Shepherd's care to heare him play,
 And rapt with wonder, thus admiring say:
 Thrice happy plaines (if plaines thrice happy may be)
 Where such a Shepherd pipes to such a Lady:
 Who made the Lasses long to sit downe neere him;
 And woo'd the Riuer from their Springs to heare him.
 Heauen rest thy Soule (if so a Swaine may pray)
 And as thy workes liue here, liue therefor aye.
 Meane while (vnhappy) I shall still complaine
 Loues cruell wounding of a feely Swaine.

Two nights thus past: the Lilly-handed Morne
 Saw *Phœbus* stealing dewe from *Ceres* Corne.
 The mounting *Larke* (daies herauld) got on wing
 Bidding each bird chuse out his bough and sing.
 * The lofty Treble sung the little *Wren*;
Robin the Meane, that best of all loues men;
 The *Nightingale* the Tenor; and the *Thrush*
 The Counter-tenor sweetly in a bush:
 And that the Musicke might be full in parts,
 Birds from the groues flew with right willing hearts:
 But (as it seem'd) they thought (as doe the Swaines,
 Which tune their Pipes on sack'd *Hibernia's* plaines)
 There should some droaning part be, therefore will'd
 Some bird to flie into a neighb'ring field,
 In Embassie vnto the King of *Bees*,
 To aid his partners on the flowres and trees:
 Who, condescending gladly flew along
 To beare the Base to his well-tuned song.
 The *Crow* was willing they should be beholding
 For his deepe voyce, but being hoarse with skolding,

F

He

* A description
 of a
 Muscicall
 Consort of
 Birds.

He thus lends aide ; vpon an Oake doth climbe,
And nodding with his head, so keepeth time.

O true delight, enharboring the breasts
Of those sweet creatures with the plumy crests.
Had Nature vnto man such simpl'esse giuen,
He would like Birds befarre more neere to heauen.
But *Doridon* well knew (who knowes no lesse ?)

“ Mans compounds haue o'er thrown his simplenesse.

Noone-tide the *Morne* had woo'd, and she gan yeeld,
When *Doridon* (made ready for the field)
Goes sadly forth (a wofull Shepherds Lad)
Drowned in reares, his minde with griefe yclad,
Toope his fold and let his Lamkins out,
(Full iolly flocke they seem'd, a well fleec'd rout)
Which gently walk'd before, he sadly pacing,
Both guides and followes them towards their grazing.
When from a Groue the Wood-Nymphs held full
Two heauenly voyces did intreat his care, (deare,
And did compell his longing eyes to see
What happy wight enioy'd such harmonie.
Which ioyned with five more, and so made seauen,
Would parallel in mirth the *Spheares* of heauen.
To haue a sight at first he would not presse,
For feare to interrupt such happinesse :
But kept aloofe the thicke growne shrubs among,
Yet so as he might heare this wooing Song.

F. **F**le Shepherds Swaine, why sitt thou all alone,
Whil'st other Lads are sporting on the leys?

R. Joy may haue company, but *Griefe* hath none :

Where pleasure neuer came, sports cannot please.

F. Yet

F. Yet may you please to grace our this daies sport,
Though not an actor, yet a looker on.

R. A looker on indeede, so Swaines of sort,
Cast low, take ioy to looke whencethey are thrown?
F. Seeke ioy and finde it.

R. Griefe doth not minde it.

BOTH.

Then both agree in one;

Sorrow doth hate

To haue a mate;

"True griefe is still alone."

F. Sad Swaine areade, (if that a Maid may aske)
What cause so great effects of griefe hath wrought?

R. Alas, Loue is not hid, it weares no maske;

To view 'tis by the face conceiu'd and brought.

F. The cause I grant: the causer is not learned:

Your speech I doe entreat about this taske.

R. If that my heart were scene, 'twould be discerned
And Fida's name found grauen on the caske.

F. Hath Loue young Remond moued?

R. 'Tis Fida that is loued.

BOTH.

Although 'tis said that no men

Will with their hearts,

Or goods, chiefe parts

Trust either Seas or Women;

F. How may a Maiden be assur'd of loue,

Since falshood late in euery Swaine excelleth?

F 2

R. When

R. When protestations faile, time may approve
Where true affection liues, where falsehood dwelleth.

F. The truest cause elects a Iudge as true as I.

F. Fie, how my sighing, my much tooing telleth.

R. Your loue is fixt in one whose heart to you

Shall be as constancy, which ne'er rebelleth.

F. None other shall haue grace.

R. None else in my heart place.

B O T H

Goe Shepherds Swaines and wine all,

For Loue and Kings

Are two like things

Admitting no Corinall.

(The first of the two songs to be sung by the company.)

As when some Malefactor iudg'd to die,

For his offence, his Execution nry,

Casteth his sight on states vnlike to his,

And weighs his ill by others happinesse :

So Doridon thought every state to be

Further from him, more nere felicitie.

O blessed sight, where such concord and meets,

Where truth with truth, and loue with liking greets.

Had (quoth the Swain) the Fates giuen me some mea-

Of true delights inestimable treasure, (sure

I had beene fortunate : but now so weake

My bankrupt heart will be inforc'd to breake.

Sweet Loue that drawes on each a yoke so euen ;

Sweet life that imitates the blisse of heauen ;

Sweet deare they needs must haue, who so vnite

That two distinct make one Hermaphrodite

On

Sweet love, sweet life, sweet death, that love do mee
 On earth; in death, in heaven be ever sweet
 Let all good wishes ever wait upon you,
 And happinesse as hand-mayd tending on you.
 Your loves within one centre meeting haue
 One houre your deaths, your corps possesse the graue
 Your names still green, (thus doth a Swaine implore)
 Fill time and memory shall be no more.

Herewith the couple hand in hand arose,
 And tooke the way which to the sheep-walke goes.
 And whilst that *Doridon* their gate look'd on,
 His dogge disclos'd him, rushing forth upon
 A well-fed Deere, that trips it o'er the Meade,
 As nimble as the wench did while some meade
 On *Ceres* dangling eares, or *Statira* lay,
 By some faire Nymph that beares *Diana's* Bowe.
 When turning head, he not a foot would stumpe,
 Scorning the barking of a Shepherds cur.
 So should all Swaines as little weigh their spire,
 Who at their songs doe battle, but dare not bite.

Remond, that by the dogge the Master knew,
 Came backe, and angry bade him to pursue,
Dory (quoth he) if your ill-mur'd dogge
 Haue nought of awe, then let him haue a dogge.
 Doe you not know this feely amorous Deere,
 (As vsuall to his kinde) hunted while eare,
 The Sunne nor ten degrees got in the signe,
 Since to our Maides here gathering *Columbinet*,
 She weeping came, and with her head low laid
 In *Fida's* lap, did humbly begge for aide.

VVhereat vnto the hounds they gaue a cheeke,
 And sauing her, might speake about her neeke
 A Coller hanging, and (as yet is seene)
 These words in gold wrought on a ground of greene:

*Maidens: since 'tis decreed a Maid shall haue me,
 Keepe me till he shall kill me that must saue me,*

But whence she came, or who the words concerne,
 VVe neither know nor can of any learne.

Vpon a pallat she doth lie at night,
 Neere *Fida's* bed, nor will she from her sight:

Vpon her walke she all the day attends,
 And by her side she trips where ere she wends.

Remond (replide the Swaine) if I haue wrong'd
Fida in ought which vnto her belong'd
 I sorrow for't, and truelie doe protest,
 As yet I neuer heard speech of this Beast:
 Nor was it with my will, or if it were,
 Is it not lawfull we should chase the Deere,
 That breaking our inclosures euery morn
 Are found at feed vpon our crop of corne?
 Yet had I knowne this Deere, I had not wrong'd
Fida in ought which vnto her belong'd.

I thinke no lesse, quoth *Remond*; but I pray,
 Whither walke *Doridon* this Holy-day?
 Come driue your sheepe to their appointed feeding,
 And make you one at this our merry meeting.
 Full many a Shepherd with his louely Lasse,
 Sit telling tales vpon the clouer grasse:
 There is the merry Shepherd of the hole,
Thenot, Piers, Nilkin, Duddy, Hobbinall,

Alexis,

Alexis, Silvan, Teddy of the Glen,
Romy and *Perigot* hereby the Fen,
With many more, I cannot reckon all
That meet to solemnize this festiuall.

I grieve not at their mirth, said *Doridon* :
Yet had there beene of Feasts not any one
Appointed or commanded, you will say,
“Where there’s Convent ’tis euer Holy-day.

Leaue further talke (quoth *Remond*) let’s be gone,
He helpe you with your sheepe, the time drawes on,
Fida will call the *Hinde*, and come with vs.

Thus went they on, and *Remond* did discusse
Their cause of meeting, till they won with pacing
The circuit chosen for the Maidens tracing.

It was a *Roundell* seated on a plaine,
That stood as *Sentinell* vnto the *Maine*,
Enuiron’d round with Trees and many an *Arbour*,
Wherein melodious birds did nightly harbour :
And on a bough within the quickning Spring,
Would be a reaching of their young to sing,
Whose pleasing Noates the tyred Swaine haue made
To steale a nap at noone-tide in the shade.

Nature her selfe did there in triumph ride,
And made that place the ground of all her pride,
Whose various flowres deceiu’d the rasher eye
In taking them for curious *Tapistrie*,
A siluer Spring forth of a rocke did fall,
That in a drought did serue to water all,
Vpon the edges of a grassie banke,
A tuft of Trees grew circling in a ranke,

As if they seem'd their sports to gaze vpon,
 Or stood as guard against the winde and Sunne:
 So faire, so fresh, so Greene, so sweet a ground
 The piercing eyes of heauen yet neuer found.
 Here *Doridon* all ready met doth see,
 (Oh who would not at such a meeting be?)
 Where he might doubt, who gaue to other grace,
 Whether the place the Maids, or Maids the place.
 Here gan the Reede, and merry Bag-pipe play,
 Shrill as a *Thrush* vpon a Morne of May,
 (A rurall Musicke for an heauenly traine)
 And euery Shepherdesse danc'd with her Swaine.

As when some gale of winde doth nimble take
 A faire whitelocke of wooll, and with it make
 Some prettie driuing; here it sweepes the plaine:
 There staies, here hops, there mounts, and turns again:
 Yet all so quicke, that none so soone can say
 That now it stops, or leapes, or turns away:
 So was their dancing, none look'd thereupon,
 But thought their fenerall motions to be one.

A crooked measure was their first election,
 Because all crooked tends to best perfection.
 And as I weene this often bowing measure,
 Was chiefly framed for the womens pleasure.
 Though like the rib, they crooked are and bending,
 Yet to the best of formes they aime their ending:
 Next in an (*I*) their measure made a rest,
 Shewing when Loue is plainest it is best.
 Then in a (*Y*) which thus doth Loue commend,
 Making of two at first, one in the end.

And

And lastly closing in a round do enter,
 Placing the lusty Shepherds in the center:
 About the Swaines they dancing seem'd to roule,
 As other Planets round the Heauenly Pole.
 Who by their sweet aspect, or chiding frowne,
 Could raise a Shepherd vp, or cast him downe.
 Thus were they circled till a Swaine came neere,
 And sent this song vnto each Shepherds eare:
 The Note and voyce so sweet, that for such mirth
 The Gods would leaue the heauens, & dwell on earth.

HAppy are you so enclosed,
 May the Maids be still disposed,
 In their gestures and their dances,
 So to dance you with entwining,
 That Envy wishen such combining,
 Fortunes smile with happy chances.
 Here it seemes as if the Graces
 Measure down the Plaint in traces,
 In a Shepherdesse disguising,
 As the Sphaeres so nimble turning
 Wandring Lamps in heauen burning,
 To the eye so much intising.

Yes, Heauen meanes to take these thither,
 And adde one ioy to see both dance together.

Gentle Nymphes be not refusing,
 Lones neglect is times abusing.

They

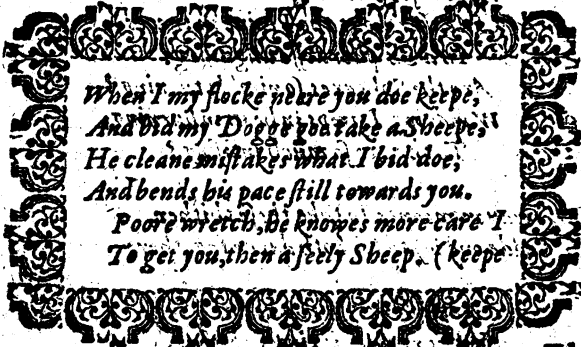
They and beauty are but lent you,
Take the one and keepe the other:
Love keeps fresh, what age doth smother.
Beauty gone you will repent you.

'Twill be said when yee have proued:
Nener Swaines more truly loued:
O then flye all nice behamour.
Pitty saies would (as her dulse)
Be attending still on beauty,
Let her not be out of fauour.

Disdaine is now so much rewarded,
That Pitty weepes since she is vnrwarded.

The measure and the Song here being ended:
Each Swain his thoughts thus to his Loue comended.

The first presents his Dogge, with these:



When I my flocke neere you doe keepe,
And bid my Dogge yd take a Sheepe,
He cleane mistakes what I bid doe,
And bends his pace still towards you.
Poore wretch, he knowes more care I
To get you, then a feeble Sheepe. (keepe)

The

The second, his Pipe,
with these:

MEMORATA

*Bid me to sing (faire Maid) my Song that prove
There ne'er was truer Pipe sung truer Love.*

The third, a pair
of Gloves, thus:

*These will keep your hands from burning,
Whilst the Sunne is swiftly turning:
But who can any veile devise
To shield my Heart from your faire Eyes?*

The fourth, an Anagram.

MAIDEN
AID MEN

*Maids should be aiding Men,
And for love give love again:
Learn this lesson from your Mother,
One good wish requires another.
They deserve their names best, when
Maids most willingly aid Men.*

The fifth, a Ring, with a Picture
in a Jewell on it.

*Nature hath fram'd us none beyond compare;
The world's the Ring, but you the Jewell are.*

The

The sixth, a Nosegay of Roses,
with a Nettle in it.

Such is the Poetic, Loue composes,
A stinging Nettle mixt with Roses.

The seventh, a Girdle.

This during light I give to clip your Waist, (past
Faure, grant mine armes that place when day is

The

The eighth, a Heart. H. 11 T

You have the substance, and I live
 But by the shadow which you give;
 Substance and shadow, both are due
 And given of me to none but you.
 Then whence is life but from that part
 Which is possessor of the heart?

The ninth, a Shepherds Hooke.

The Hooke of right belongs to you, for when
 I take but scellie Sheepe, you still take Men.

The

L onely maiden best of any
 O f our plaines though thrice as many
 V aile to loue, and leane denying,
 E ndlesse knots let fates be tying.
 S uch a face, so fine a feature
 (K indest, fairest, sweetest creature)
 N ever yet was found, but longing
 O then let my plaints be mouing
 T rust a Shepherd though the meanest
 T ruth is best when she is plainest.
 I loue not with vowe econtesting:
 F aith is faith without protesting.
 T ime that all things doth inherit
 R enders each desert his merit.
 I f that, faile in me, as no man,
 D oubtlesse time nere won a woman
 M aidens still should be relenting,
 A nd once flinty, still repenting.
 Y outh with youth is best combined,
 E ach one with his like is twined,
 B eauty should haue beauntious meaning,
 E uer that hope easeth playning.
 V nto you whom Nature dresses
 N eeds no combe to smooth your tresses.
 T his way it may doe his dutie
 I n your locks to shade your beautie,
 D oe so, and to loue be turning,
 E lse each heart it will be burning.

The twelfth.



*Loe Cupid leaves his Bowe, his reason is
Because your eyes wound when his shafts doe misse.*

Whilst every one was offering at the shrine
Of such rare beauties might be stil'd divine:
This lamentable voyce towards them flies:
O Heauen send aid, or else a Maiden dies!
Herewith some ran the way the voyce them led;
Some with the Maiden staid which shooke for dread;
What was the cause time serves not now to tell.
Harke; for my iolly Wether rings his bell,
And almost all our flocks have left to graze,
Shepherds 'tis almost night, his home apace,
When next we meet (as we shall meet ere long)
He tell the rest in some ensuing Song.

G

The



THE FOURTH SONG.



THE ARGUMENT.

*Fida's distresse, the Hinde is slaine,
Yet from her ruines lines againe.
Riots description next I rime;
Then Aletheia, and old Time:
And lastly, from this Song I goe,
Having describ'd the Vale of Woe.*



Appy yee dayes of old, when euey
waste
Was like a SANCTVARIE to the
chaste:
When Incests, Rapes, Adulteries,
were not knowne;
All pure as blossomes, which are newly blowne.

Maids

Maids were as free from spots, and soiles within,
 As most vnblemish'd in the outward skin.
 Men euery Plaine and Cottage did afford,
 As smooth in deeds, as they were faire of word.
 Maidens with Men as sisters with their brothers;
 And Men with Maids conuers'd as with their Mothers;
 Free from suspicion, or the rage of blood. (thers;
Strife onely reign'd, for all striu'd to be good.

But then as little Wrens but newly fledg'd,
 First, by their nests hop vp and downe the hedge;
 Then one from bough to bough gets vp a tree:
 His fellow noting his agilitie,
 Thinkes he as well may venter as the other,
 So flushing from one spray vnto another,
 Gets to the top, and then enbold'nd flies,
 Vnto an height past ken of humane eyes:
 So time brought worse, men first desir'd to talke;
 Then came suspect; and then a priuate walke;
 Then by consent appoynted times of meeting,
 Where most securely each might kisse his sweeting;
 Lastly, with lusts their panning breasts so well,
 They came to. But to what I blush to tell,
 And entred thus, Rapes vsd were of all,
 Incest, Adultery, held as Veniall:
 The certainty in doubtfull ballance rests;
 If beasts did learne of men, or men of beasts.
 Had they not learn'd of man who was their King,
 So to insult vpon an vnderling,
 They ciuilly had spent their liues gradation,
 As meeke and milde as in their first creation;

Nor had th' infections of infected minds
 So alter'd nature, and disorder'd kinds,
Fida had beene lesse wretched, I more glad,
 That so true loue-so true a progresse had.

When *Remond* left her (*Remond* then vnkinde)
Fida went downe the dale to seeke the *Hinde*;
 And found her taking soyle within a flood:
 Whom when she call'd straight follow'd to the wood.
Fida then wearied, sought the cooling shade,
 And found an arbour by the Shepherds made
 To frolike in (when *Sol* did hottest shine)
 With cates which were farre cleaner then fine.
 For in those dayes then neuer vs'd to feed
 So much for pleasure as they did for need.
 Enriching then the arbour downe she sate her;
 Where many a busie Bee came flying at her:
 Thinking when she for ayre her breasts discloses,
 That there had growne some tuft of Damaske-Roses,
 And that her azure veines which then did swell,
 Were Conduit-pipes brought from a liuing Well.
 Whose liquor might the world enjoy for money,
 Bees would be bankrupt, none would care for honey.
 The *Hinde* lay still without (poore silly creature,
 How like a woman art thou fram'd by nature?
 Timorous, apt to teares, wilie in running,
 Caught best when force is intermixt with cunning)
 Lying thus distant, different chances meet them,
 And with a fearfull object Fate doth greet them.

Something appear'd, which seem'd farre off, a man,
 In stature, habit, gate, proportion:

Buc

But when their eyes their objects Masters were;
 And it for stricter censure came more nere,
 By all his properties one well might glasse,
 Than of a man, he sure had nothing worse.
 For verily since old *Danulations* flood
 Earths slime did ne'er produce a viler brood,
 Vpon the various Earths embroidered gowne,
 There is a weed vpon whose head growes Downe;
Sow-thistle 'tis ycleep'd, whose downy wreath,
 If any one can blow off at a breath,
 We deeme her for a Maid: such was his haire,
 Ready to shed at any stirring ayre.
 His eares were stricken deafe when he came nie,
 To heare the Widowes or the Orphans crie.
 His eyes encircled with a bloody chaine,
 With poaring in the blood of bodies slaine.
 His mouth exceeding wide, from whence did flie
 Volleys of execrable blasphemie;
 Banning the Heauens; and he that rideth on them,
 Dar'd vengeance to the teeth to fall vpon him:
 Like *Scythian* Wolves, or * men of wit bereauen,
 Which howle and shoot against the lights of Heauen.
 His hands (if hands they were) like some dead corse,
 With digging vp his buried ancestors;
 Making his Fathers Tombe and sacred shrine
 The trough wherein the Hog heard feed his Swine.
 And as that Beast hath legs (which Shepherds feare,
 Ycleep'd a *Badger*, which our Lambs doth reare)
 One long, the other short, that when he runs
 Vpon the plaines, he halts; but when he wons

* Men o
Scirum
 shoot a-
 gainst th
 Staires.

On craggy Rocks, or steepy stils, we see
 Noneruns more swift, nor easier then he:
 Such legs the Monster had, one sinew shrunke,
 That in the plains he reel'd, as being drunke;
 And halted in the paths to *Vertue* tending:
 And therefore neuer durst be that way bending:
 But when he came on carued *Monuments*,
 Spiring *Colosses*; and high raised rents,
 He past them o're, quicke, as the Easterne winde
 Sweepes through a Meadow; or a nimble *Hinde*,
 Or *Satyre* on a Lawne; or skipping *Roe*;
 Or well-wing'd Shaft forth of a *Parthian* bow.
 His body made (still in consumptions rife)
 A miserable prison for a life.

Riot he hight; whom some curs'd Fiend did raise,
 When like a *Chaos* were the nights and daies;
 Got and brought vp in the *Cymersian* Clime,
 Where Sun nor Moon, nor daies, nor nights do time:
 As who should say, they scorn'd to shew their faces
 To such a Fiend should seeke to spoile the *Graces*.

At sight whereof, *Fida* nigh drown'd in feare,
 Was cleane dismaid when he approched neare;
 Nor durst she call the Deere, nor whistling winde her;
 Fearing her noise might make the Monster finde her;
 Who sily came, for he had cunning learn'd him;
 And seiz'd vpon the *Hinde*, ere she discern'd him.
 Oh how she striu'd and strugled; every nerue
 Is prest at all assaies a life to serue:
 Yet soone we lose, what we might longer keepe
 Were not Preuention commonly a sleepe.

Maids,

Maids, of this Monsters brood be fearefull all,
 What to the *Hinde* may hap to you befall.
 Who with her feet held vp in stead of hands,
 And teares which pittie from the *Rocke* commands,
 She sighes, and shrikes, & weeps, and looks vpon him:
 Alas she sobs, and many a groane throwes on him;
 With plaints which might abate a Tyrants knife;
 She begs for pardon, and entreats for life.
 The hollow caues resound her moanings neere it,
 That heart was flint which did not grieue to heare it:
 The high topt *Firres* which on that mountaine keep,
 Haue euer sincethat time beene seene to weepe,
 The *Owle* till then, 'tis thoughtfull well could sing,
 And tune her voyce to euery bubling Spring:
 But when she heard those plaints, then forth she yode
 Out of the couert of an *Iuy* rod,
 And hollowing for aide, so strain'd her throat,
 That since she cleane forgot her former noat.
 A little *Robin* sitting on a tree,
 In dolfull noats bewail'd her Tragedie.
 An *Aspe*, who thought him stout, could not dissent,
 But shew'd his feare; and yet is seene to tremble.
 Yet Cruelty was deafe, and had no sight
 In ought which might gain-say the appetite;
 But with his teeth rending her throat asunder,
 Besprinkl'd with her blood the greene grasse vnder.
 And gurmurdizing on her flesh and blood,
 He vomiting returned to the Wood.

Ryot but newly gone, as strange a vision
 Though farre more heauenly, came in apparition.

As that Arabian bird (whom all admire)
 Her exequies prepar'd and funerall fire,
 Burnt in a flame conceiv'd from the Sun,
 And nourished with slips of *Cynamon*,
 Out of her ashes hath a second birth,
 And flies abroad, a wonderment on earth:
 So from the ruines of this mangled Creature
 Arose so faire and so diuine a feature,
 That *Eury* for her heart would doat vpon her;
 Heauen could not chuse but be enamour'd on her:
 Were I a *Starre*, and she a second *Sphere*,
 I'd leaue the other, and be fixed there.
 Had faire *Axachne* wrought this Maidens haire,
 When she with *Pallas* did for skill compare,
Minerva's worke had neuer beene esteem'd,
 But this had beene more rare and highly deem'd.
 Yet gladly now she would reverse her doome,
 Weaving this haire within a Spiders Loom,
 Vpon her fore-head, as in glory sate
 Mercy and Maiesty, for wondring at,
 As pure and simple as *Albania's* snow,
 Or milke-white Swans which stem the streams of *Poe*:
 Like to some goodly fore-land, bearing out
 Her haire, the tufts which fring'd the shore about.
 And lest the man which sought those coasts might slip,
 Her eyes like *Stars*, did serve to guide the ship.
 Vpon her front (heavens fairest *Promontory*)
 Delineated was, th'Authentique Story
 Of those Elect, whose sheepe at first began
 To nibble by the springs of *Canaan*

Out

Out of whose sacred loynes (brought by the stem
Of that sweet Singer of *Ierusalem*)
Came the best Shepherd ever flocks did keepe,
Who yeelded vp his life to saue his sheepe.

O thou Eterne I by whom all beings moue,
Giu'ing the Springs beneath, and Springs aboue:
Whole Finger doth this *Vniuerse* sustaine;
Bringing the former and the latter raine:
Who dost with plenty Meads and Pastures fill,
By drops distill'd like dew on *Herman Hill*:
Pardon a silly Swaine, who (farre vnable
In that which is so rare, so admirable)
Dares on an Oaten pipe, thus brauely sing
Her praise immense, worthy a siluer string.
And thou which through the Desert and the Deepe,
Didst lead thy Chosen like a flocke of sheepe:
As sometimes by a Starre thou guidedst them,
Which fed ypon the plaines of *Bethelam*,
So by thy sacred Spirit direct my quill,
When I shall sing ought of thy *Holy hill*,
That times to come, when they my rymes rehearse,
May wonder at me, and admire my Verse:
For who but one rapt in *Coelestiall fire*,
Can by his Muse to such a pitch aspire;
That from aloft he might behold and tell
Her worth, whereon an iron Pen might dwell.

When she was borne, *Nature* in sport began,
To learne the cunning of an *African*,
And did Vermilion with a white compose,
To mocke her selfe, and paine a *Damaske Rose*.

But

But scorning *Nature* vnto *Art* should seeke,
 She spilt her colours on this Maidens cheeke.
 Her mouth the gate from whence all goodnesse came,
 Of power to giue the dead a liuing name.
 Her words embalmed in so sweet a breath,
 That made them triumph both on Time and Death,
 Whose fragrant sweets, since the *Camelion* knew,
 And tasted of, he to this humor grew:
 Left other Elements, held this so rare,
 That since he neuer feeds on ought but Ayre.

O had I *Virgils* verse, or *Tullies* Tongue!
 Or raping numbers like the *Thracian's* Song,
 I haue a Theame would make the Rocks to dance,
 And surly Beasts that through the Desert prance,
 Hie from their Caues, and euey gloomy den,
 To wonder at the excellence of men.
 Nay, they would thinke their states for euer raised,
 But once to looke on one, so highly praised.

Out of whose Maiden breasts (which sweetly rise)
 The *Seers* suckt their hidden *Prophecies*:
 And told that for her loue in times to come,
 Many should seeke the Crowne of *Martyrdome*,
 By fire, by sword, by tortures, dungeons, chaines,
 By stripes, by famine, and a world of paines;
 Yet constant still remaine (to her they loued)
 Like *Syon Mount*, that cannot be remoued.
Proportion on her armes and hands recorded,
 The world for her no fitter place afforded:
 Praise her who list, he still shall be her debter:
 For *Art* ne'er fain'd, nor *Nature* fram'd a better.

As

As when a *holy Father* hath began
 To offer sacrifice to mighty *Pan*,
 Doth the request of euery Swaine assume,
 To scale the Welkin in a sacred fume,
 Made by a widow'd *Turtle's* louing mate,
 Or *Lamkin*, or some *Kid* immaculate,
 The offering heaues aloft, with both his hands;
 Which all adore, that neere the Altar stands:
 So was her heavenly body comely rais'd
 On two faire columnes; those that *Ouid* prais'd
 In *Julia's* borrowed name, compar'd with these,
 Were Crabs to Apples of the *Hesperides*,
 Or stumpe-foot *Vulcan* in comparifon,
 With all the height of true perfection.

Nature was here so lauish of her store,
 That she bestow'd vntill she had no more.
 VVhose Treasure being weakned (by this Dame)
 She thrusts into the world so many lame.

The highest *Synode* of the glorious Skie,
 (I heard a VVood-Nymph sing) sent *Mercurie*
 To take a suruay of the fairest faces,
 And to describe to them all womens graces;
 VVho long time wandring in a serious quest,
 Noting what parts by *Beauty* were possesst:
 At last he saw this *Maid*, then thinking fit
 To end his iourney, here, *Nil-ultra*, writ.

Fida in adoration kiss'd her knee,
 And thus bespake; Haile glorious *Deitie*
 (If such thou art, and who can deeme you lesse?)
 VVhether thou raign'st *Queene* of the *Wildernesse*,

Or

Or art that Goddesse ('tis vnknowne to me)
 Which from the *Ocean* drawes her pettigree:
 Or one of those, who by the mossie bankes
 Of drifling *Helicon*, in airie rankes
 Tread Roundelayes vpon the siluer sands,
 Whilst shaggy *Satyres* tripping o're the strands,
 Stand still at gaze, and yeeld their senses thrals
 To the sweet cadence of your Madrigals:
 Or of the *Faery* troope which nimbly play,
 And by the Springs dance out the Summers day;
 Teaching the little birds to build their nests,
 And in their singing how to keepeen rests:
 Or one of those, who watching where a Spring
 Out of our Grandame Earth hath issuing,
 With your attractive Musicke wooe the streame
 (As men by *Faeries* led, false in a dreame)
 To follow you, which sweetly trilling wanders
 In many Mazes, intricate Meanders;
 Till at the last, to mocke th' enamour'd rill,
 Ye bend your traces vp some shady hill;
 And laugh to see the waue no further tread;
 But in a chafur run foaming on his head,
 Being enforc'd a channell new to frame,
 Leauing the other destitute of name.
 If thou be one of these, or all, or more,
 Succour a seely Maid, that doth implore
 Aid, on a bended heart, vnfain'd and mecke,
 As true as blubbers of a Maiden cheeke.

Maiden arise, replied the new-borne Maid:
 "Pure Innocence the senselesse stones will aide.

Nor

Nor of the *Fairie* troope, nor *Muses* nine;
 Nor am I *Venus*, nor of *Proserpine*:
 But daughter to a lusty aged Swaine,
 That cuts the greene tufts off th' enamel'd plaine;
 And with his Sythe hath many a Summer thorne
 The plow'd-lands lab'ring with a crop of corne;
 Who from the cloud-clipt mountaine by his stroake
 Fels downe the lofty Pine, the Cedar, Oake: Describe
of Time.
 Heopes the flood-gates as occasion is
 Sometimes on that mans land, sometimes on this.
 When *Uerolame*, a stately Nymph of yore
 Did vse to decke her selfe on *Isis* shore,
 One morne (among the rest) as there she stood,
 Saw the pure Channell all besmear'd with blood;
 Inquiring for the cause, one did impart,
 Those drops came from her holy *Albans* hart;
 Herewith in griefe she gan intreat my Syre,
 That *Isis* streamc, which yeerely did attire
 Those gallant fields in changeable array,
 Might turne her course and run some other way.
 Lest that her waues might wash away the guilt
 From off their hands which *Albans* blood had spilt:
 He condescended, and the nimble waue
 Her Fish no more wishin that channell draue:
 But as a witpesse left the crimson gore
 To staine the earth, as they their hands before.
 He had a being ere there was a birth,
 And shall not cease vntill the Sea and Earth,
 And what they both containe, shall cease to be,
 Nothing confines him but *Eternitie*.

By

By him the names of good men euer liue,
Which short liu'd men vnto *Oblinon* giue:
And in forgetfulnesse he lets him fall,
That is no other man then naturall:
'Tis he alone that rightly can discouer,
Who is the true, and who the fained Louer.
In Summers heat when any Swaine to sleepe
Doth more addiect himfelfe then to his sheepe;
And whilst the *Leaden God* fits on his eyes,
If any of his Fold or strays or dyes,
And to the waking Swaine it be vnknowne,
Whether his sheepe be dead, or straid, or stolne;
To meet my Syre he bends his course in paine,
Either where some high hill suruaies the plaine;
Or takes his step toward the flowrie vallies,
Where *Zephyre* with the *Cowslip* hourly dallies;
Or to the groues, where birds from heat or weather,
Sit sweetly tuning of their noates together:
Or to a Mead a wanton Riuer dresses
With richest *Collers* of herturning *Esses*;
Or where the Shepherds sit old stories telling,
Chronos my Syre hath no set place of dwelling;
But if the Shepherd meet the aged Swaine,
He tels him of his sheepe, or shewes them flaine.
So great a gift the sacred Powers of heauen
(Aboue all others) to my Syre haue giuen,
That the abhorred Stratagemis of night,
Lurking in cauernes from the glorious light,
By him (perforce) are from their dungeons hurl'd,
And shew'd as monsters to the wondring World.

What

What Mariner is he sailing vpon
 The watry Defart clipping *Albion*,
 Heares not the billowes in their dances roare
 Answer'd by *Eccoes* from the neighbour shoare?
 To whose accord the Maids trip from the Downes,
 And Riuers dancing come, yecrown'd with Townes,
 All singing forth the victories of *Time*,
 Vpon the Monsters of the Westerne Clime,
 VVhose horrid, damned, bloody, plots would bring
 Confusion on the Laureate Poets King,
 VVhose Hell-fed hearts deu's'd how neuer more
 A *Swan* might singing sit on *Isis* shore:
 But croaking *Rauens*, and the *Scrich-owles* crie,
 The fit Musicians for a *Tragedie*,
 Should euermore be heard about her strand,
 To fright all Passengers from that sad Land.

Long Summers dayes I on his worth might spend,
 And yet begin againe when I would end.
 All Ages since the first age first begun,
 Ere they could know his worth their age was done:
 VVhose absence all the Treasury of earth
 Cannot buy out. From farre-fam'd *Tagus* birth,
 Not all the golden grauell he treads ouer,
 One minute past, that minute can recouer.
 I am his onely Childe (he hath no other).
 Cleep'd *Aletheia*, borne without a Mother.
 Poore *Aletheia* long despis'd of all,
 Scarce *Charitie* would lend an Hospitall
 To giue my Months cold watching one nights rest,
 But in my roometooke in the Misers Chest.

In

In winters time when hardly fed the flocks,
 And Icicles hung dangling on the Rocks;
 When *Hyems* bound the floods in silver chaines,
 And hoary Frosts had candy'd all the Plaines;
 When every Barne rung with the threshing Flailes,
 And Shepherds Boyes for cold gan blow their nailes:
 (Wearied with toyle in seeking out some one
 That had a spark of true deuotion;) *And*
 It was my chance (chance onely helpeth need) *And*
 To finde an house ybuilt for holy deed;
 With goodly Architect, and Cloisters wide,
 With groues and walkes along a Riuers side;
 The place it selfe afforded admiration,
 And euery spray a Theame of contemplation.
 But (woe is me) when knocking at the gate,
 I gan intreat an enterance thereat:
 The Porter askt my name: I told; He swell'd,
 And bade me thence: wherewith in griefe repell'd,
 I sought for shelter to a ruin'd house,
 Harb'ring the Weasell, and the dust-bred Mouse;
 And others none, except the two-kinde Bar,
 Which all the day there melancholy sate:
 Here sate I downe with winde and raine ybeard;
 Griefe fed my minde, and did my bodye feed:
 Yet *Idleneffe* I saw (lan'd with the Gout)
 Had entrance when poore *Truth* was kept without:
 There saw I *Drunkenesse* with Drophi's swolne,
 And pamper'd *Lust* that many a night had stolne
 Ouer the *Abby*-wall when Gates were lock'd;
 To be in *Venus* wanton bosome rock'd:
 And

*Lebeia seeks
 iefe at an
 obey, and
 denide,*

And *Gluttony* that surfeiting had bin,
 Knocke at the gate and straight-way taken in;
 Sadly I sat, and sighing griev'd to see,
 Their happin' life, my infelicitie.
 At last came *Envy* by, who having spidered round
 Where I was sadly seated, in ward hide,
 And to the *Convent* eagerly she cries,
 Why sit you here? when with these cares and eyes
 I heard and saw a trumpeter dares no say,
 She is the true faire *Altheia*,
 Which you have boasted long to live among you,
 Yet suffer not a peeuish Girl to wrong you
 With this proud' d, all rose, and in a round
 Ran to the gate, strove who should first get out,
 Bade me be gone, and then (in tearmes vniuill)
 Did call me counterfart, witch, hag, whore, & duntill;
 Then like a trumpeter droue me from their cells,
 With tinkling pans, and with the noise of bells;
 And he that lov'd me, or but mean'd my case,
 Had heapes of fire-brands banded at his face;
 Thus beareth thence (distrest, forsaken wight)
 Inforc'd in fields to sleepe, or wake all night;
 A silly sheepe seeing me straying by,
 Forsooke the stub where once she meant to lye,
 As if she in her kinde (vnhurting else)
 Did bid me take such lodging as her selfe;
 Gladly I took the place the sheepe had giuen,
 Vncanopy'd of any thing but heauen.
 Where night benumb'd with cold, with grief frequent
 Vnto the silent night I thus lamented:

H


Faire

Faire Cynthia, if from thy silver Throne,
 Thou euer lentst an ear to Virgins mone;
 Or in thy Monthly course, one minute staid
 Thy Palfrayes trot, to heare a wretched Maid
 Pull in their reynes, and lend thine eare to me,
 Forlorne, forsaken, cloath'd in miserie:
 But if a woe hath neuer woo'd thine eare,
 To stop those Coursers in their full Career;
 But as stone-hearted men, vcharitable,
 Passe carelesse by the poore, when men lesse able
 Holding the needies help in long suspence,
 But in their hands poure their beneuolence.
 O! if thou be so hard to stop thine eares
 When stars in pitty drop downe from their Spheares,
 Yet for a while in gloomy vaile of night,
 Inshrowd the pale beames of thy borrowed light:
 O! neuer once discourage goodnesse (lending
 One glimpse of light) to see misfortune spending
 Her utmost rage on *Truth*, despis'd, distressed,
 Vnhappy, vnrilieued, yet vndressed,
 Where is the heart at vertues suffering griueth?
 Where is the eye that pitting relieueth?
 Where is the hand that still the hungry feedeth?
 Where is the eare that the decrepit steedeth?
 That heart, that hand, that eare, or else that eye,
 Giueth, relieueth, feeds, steeds misery?
 O earth produce me one (of all thy store)
 Enioyes; and be vaine glorious no more.
 By this had *Chanticleer*, the village clock,
 Bidden the good-wife for her Maids to knocke:

And


And the swart plow man for his breakfast staide,
 That he might till those lands were fallow laid:
 The hills and vallies here and there resound
 With the re-ecchoes of the deepe-mouth'd hound.
 Each Shepherds daughter with her cleanly Peale,
 Was come a field to milke the Mornings meale,
 And ere the *Sunne* had clymb'd the Easterne hills,
 To guild the muttring hournes, and pritty rills;
 Before the lab'ring *Bee* had left the Hive,
 And nimble *Fishes* which in Rivers dwele,
 Began to leape and catch the drowned Flie,
 I rose from rest, not in felicitie.
 Seeking the place of *Charities* resort,
 Vnware I hapned on a Princes Court.
 Where meeting *Greatvasse*, I requir'd reliefe,
 (O happy vndelay'd) she said in brieft,
 To small effect thine oratorie tends,
How can I keepe thee and so many friends?
 If of my household I should make thee one,
 Farewell my seruance *Adulation*.
 I know she will not stay when thou art there;
 But seek some Great mans seruice other where,
 Darknesse and light, summer and winters weather,
 May be at once, ere you two liue together.
 Thus with a nod she left me cloath'd in woe.

Thence to the Citie once I thought to goe,
 But somewhat in my mind this thought had throwne,
It was a place wherein I was not knowne.
 And therefore went vnto these homely townes,
 Sweetly enuiron'd with the Dazied Downes.



 ruth en-
 rears succor
 om a Mil-
 tr, a Tayler
 La Weaver.

Vpon a streame washing a village end
 A Mill is plac'd, that neuer difference kend
 Twixt dayes for worke, and holy-tides for rest,
 But alwaies wrought & ground the neighbors grest.
 Before the doore I saw the *Miller* walking,
 And other two (his neighbours) with him talking:
 One of them was a *Weauer*, and the other
 The Village *Taylor*, and his trusty brother;
 To them I came, and thus my suit began
 Content, the riches of a Country-man,
 Attend your Actions, be more happy still,
 Then I am haplesse! and as yonder Mill,
 Though in his turning it obey the streame,
 Yet by the head-strong torrent from his beame
 Is vnremou'd, and till the wheele be tore,
 It daily toyles, then rests, and workes no more:
 So in lifes motion may you neuer be
 (Though swayd with griefes) over-borne with misery.



 With that the *Miller* laughing, brush'd his cloathes,
 Then swore by Cocke and other dung-hill oathes,
 I greatly was to blame, that durst so wade
 Into the knowledge of the Wheel-wrights trade.
 I, neighbour, quoth the *Taylor* (then he bent
 His pace to me, spruce like a *Lucke of Lent*)
 Your iudgement is not seame-went when you spend it,
 Nor is it borching, for I cannot mend it.
 And Maiden, let me tell you in displeasure,
 You must not presse the cloch you cannot measure:
 But let your steps be sticht to wisdomes chalking,
 And cast presumptuous shreds out of your walking.

The

The *Weaver* said, Fie wench, your selfe you wrong,
Thusto let slip the shuttle of your rong :
For marke me well, yea, marke me well, I say,
I see you worke your speeches Web astray.

Sad to the Soule, o'er laid with idle words,
O heauen, quoth I, where is the place affords
A friend to helpe, or any heart that ruth
The most dejected hopes of wronged *Truth* !
Truth ! quoth the *Miller*, plainly for our parts,
I and the *Weaver* hate thee with our hearts :
The strifes you raise I will not now discusse,
Betweene our honest Customers and vs :
But get you gone, for sure you may despaire
Of comfort here, seeke it some other where.
Maid (quoth the *Taylor*) we no succour owe you,
For as I guesse her's none of vs doth know you :
Nor my remembrance any thought can seize
That I haue euer seene you in my dayes.

Seene you ? nay, therein confident I am ;
Nay, till this time I neuer heard your name,
Excepting once, and by this token chiefe,
My neighbour at that instant cald me thiefe,
By this you see you are vnknowne among vs,
We cannot help you, though your stay may wrong vs.

Thus went I on, and further went in woe :
For as shrill sounding *Fame*, that's neuer slow,
Growes in her going, and increaseth more,
Where she is now, then where she was before :
So *Griefe* (that neuer healthy, euer sick,
That froward Scholler to *Arithmeticke*,

Who doth Division and Subtraction see,
And chiefly learns to adde and multiply
In longest journey's hath the strongest strength,
And is at hand; supprest, vnquail'd at length.

cription
solitarie
e.

Betweene two hills, the highest *Phæbus* sees
Gallantly crown'd with large Skie-kissing trees,
Vnder whose shade the humble vallies lay;
And *Wilde-Bores* from their dens their gambols play:
There lay a grauell walke ore-growne with greene,
Where neither tract of man nor beast was scene.
And as the Plow-man when the land he tills,
Throwes y^p the fruitfull earth in ridged hills,
Betweene whose *Cheuron* forme he leaues a balke;
So twixt those hills had Nature fram'd this walke,
Not ouer-darke, nor light, in angles bending,
And like the gliding of a Snake descending:
All hush'd and silent as the mid of night:

No chattering *Pie*, nor *Crow* appear'd in sight;
But further in I heard the *Turtle-Dove*,
Singing sad Dirges on her lifelesse Lute.

Birds that compassion from the rocks could bring,
Had onely license in that place to sing:

Whose dolefull noates the melancholly *Cat*
Close in a hollow tree sat wondering at.

And Trees that on the hill-side comely grew,
When any little blast of *Æol* blew,
Did nod their curled heads, as they would be
The Iudges to approue their melody.

Iust halfe the way this solitary Groue,
A Crystall Spring from either hill-side stroue,

VVhich

Which of them first should wooe the meeker ground;
 And make the Bibbles dance to their sound;
 But as when children having leaue to play,
 And neare their Masters eye sport out the day,
 (Beyond condition) in their childish royes
 Oft vex their Tutor with too great a noyse,
 And make him send some servant out of doore,
 To cease their clamour, lest they play no more:
 So when the prettie *Rill* a place espies,
 Where with the Bibbles she would wantonize,
 And that her ypper streame so much doth wrong her
 To driue her thence, and let her play no longer;
 If she with too loud murmur ingran away,
 As being much incens'd to leave her play,
 A westerne milde, and pretty whispering gale,
 Came dallying with the leaues along the dale,
 And seem'd as with the water he did chide,
 Because it ran so long vnpatifide:
 Yea, and me thought he bad her leaue that obyle,
 Or he would choake her vp with leaues and soyle:
 Whereat the riucler in my minde did weepe,
 And hurl'd her head into a silent deepe.

Now he that guides the Chariot of the *Sunne*,
 Vpon th' *Eclipticke Circle* had so runne,
 That his brasse-hoof'd fire-breathing horses wan
 The stately height of the *Meridian*:
 And the day-lab'ring man (who all the morne
 Had from the quarry with his Pick-axe torne
 A large well squared stone, which he would use
 To serue his stile, or for some water-shute)

Seeing the ~~same~~ preparing to decline,
 Tooke but his Bag, and sat him downe to dine.
 When by a sliding, yet not steepe descent,
 I gain'd a place, ne'er before did invent
 The like for sorrow: not in all this Round
 A fitter seat for passion can be found.

As when a dainty Fount, and Crysell Spring,
 Got newly from the earths imprisoning,
 And ready prest some channell cleere to wing,
 Is round his rise by Rocks immured in,
 And from the thirsty earth would be with-held,
 Till to the Cesterne top the waues have swell'd:
 But that a carefull *Hinder* the Well hath found,
 As he walks sadly through his parched ground;
 Whose patience suffering not his land to stay
 Vntill the water o'er the Cesterne play,
 He gets a Pickaxe and with blowes so stout,
 Digs on the Rocks, that all the groues about
 Resound his stroke, and still the rocks doth charge,
 Till he hath made a hole both long and large,
 Wherby the waters from their prison run,
 To close earths gaping wounds made by the Sun:
 So through these high rais'd hills, embracing round
 This shady, sad, and solitary ground,
 Some power (respecting one whose heavy moene
 Requird a place to sit and weepe alone)
 Had cut a path, whereby the griued wight
 Might freely take the comfort of this Scytal
 About the edges of whose roundly forme
 In order grew such Trees as doe adorne
 The

The fable heard, and sad forsaken mate;
 And Trees whose leaves their losse commiserate,
 Such are the *Cypresse* and the weeping *Myrre*,
 The dropping *Amber*, and the resin'd *Eyre*,
 The bleeding *Uine*, the wary *Sicamore*,
 And *Willough* for the idle *Parment*,
 In comely distance underneath whose shade
 Most near in rudeness *Nature* arbors made,
 Some had a light, some so obscure a seat,
 Would entertain a sufferance, ne'er so great:
 Where griev'd wights sit (as I after found,
 Whose heauy hearts the height of sorrow crown'd)
 Wailing in saddest tunes the doomes of Fate
 On men by verue elceted fortunate.

The first note that I heard I soone was won,
 To thinke the sighs of false *Endymion*,
 The subiect of whose mournfull heauy lay
 Was his declining with false *Cynthia*.

Next him a great man sat, in woe no lesse,
 Teares were but barren shadowes to expresse
 The substance of his griefe, and therefore stood
 Distilling from his heart red streames of blood:
 He was a Swaine whom all the *Graces* kist,
 A braue, heroicke, worthy *Martialist*,
 Yet on the Downes he oftentimes was seene
 To draw the merry Maidens of the Greene
 With his sweet voyes: Once, as he sat alone,
 He sung the outrage of the lazy *Dre*,
 Vpon the lab'ring *Bees* in straines so rare,
 That all the sitting *Burstonists* of ayre

now

Attentive

Attentive fate; and in their kindes did long
 To learne some Noat from his well-timed Song.
 Exiled *Naso* (Whose golden pen
 The *Muses* did distill delights for men)
 Thus sang of *Cephalus* (whose name was worne
 Within the bosome of the blushing *Morne* :
 He had a dart was neuer set on wing,
 But death flew with it : he could neuer sing,
 But life fled from the place where stuck the head,
 A Hunters frolicke life in Woods he lead
 In separation from his yoked Mate,
 Whose beauty, once, he valued as a rate
 Beyond *Aurora's* cheek, when she (in pride)
 Promis'd their offspring should be *Deicide*
Procris she light; who (seeking to restore
 Her selfe that happinelle she had before)
 Vnto the greenewood wends, to see no pain
 Might bring her to her Lords embrace againe
 But Fate thus crosse her, coming where he lay
 Wearied with hunting all a Summers day,
 He somewhat heard within the thicket rust,
 And deeming it some Beast, hid in a bush,
 Raised himselfe, then set on wing a dart,
 Which tooke a sad rest in the restless heart
 Of his chaste wife; who with a bleeding breast
 Left loue and life, and slept in endlesse rest.
 With *Procris* heauie Fate this Shepherd wrong
 Might be compar'd, and aske as sad a song
 In th' *Autumne* of his youth, and manhoods Spring,
 Desert (growne now a most dejected thing)
 Won

Won him the favour of a *Royall Maid*,
 Who with *Dianna's* Nymphs in *Forrests* straid,
 And liu'd a *Humurell* life exempt from *care*.
 She once encounter'd with a *fierly Bear*,
 Neare to a *Cryfall Fountains* flowry brinke, (drinke,
 Heat brought them thither both, and both would
 When from her golden *Quiver* she took forth
 A *Dart*, about the rest esteem'd for worth,
 And sent it to his side: the gaping wound
 Gave purple *streames* to soile the parched ground,
 Whereat he grasp'd his teeth, storm'd his hurt *lyon*,
 Yelded the earth what it denied him:
 Yet sunk not there, but (wrapt in horror) hy'd
 Vnto his hellish caue, despair'd and dy'd.

After the *Bear's* iust death, the quickning *Sunne*
 Had twice six times about the *Zodiac* run,
 And (as respectlesse) neuer cast an eye,
 Vpon the night-indiuid *Gemmery*,
 When this brave *Swaine* (approach'd valourous)
 In opposition, of a tyrannous
 And bloody *Savage* being long time gone,
 Quelling his rage with fashless *Genies*
 Returned from the stratagems of warres,
 (Inriched with his quail's fides booke (le scars)
 To see the deare eyes of his dearest *Loue*,
 And that her skill in hearb might help remove
 The fretting of a wound which he had got
 In her defence, by *Ennius* poyson'd shot,
 And coming through a *Groue* wherein his faire
 Lay with her breast display'd to take the air,
 His

His rushing through the boughes made her arise,
 And dreading some wilde beasts rude enterprize,
 Directs towards the noyse a sharpened dart,
 That reach'd the life of his vndaunted heart, (spent
 Which when shee knew, twicetwenty Moones nie
 In teares for him, and dy'd in languishment.

Within an arbour shadow'd with a Vine,
 Mixed with *Rosemary* and *Eglantine*,
 A Shepherdesse was set, as faire as young,
 Whose praise full many a Shepherd whileome sung,
 Who on an *Altar faire* had to her Name,
 In consecration many an *Anagram* :
 And when with sugred straines they strove to raise
 Worth, to a garland of immortall Bayes ;
 She as the learnedst Maid was chose by them,
 (Her flaxen haire crown'd with an *Anadem*)
 To iudge who best deseru'd, for she could fit
 The height of praise vnto the height of wit.
 But well-a-day those happy times were gone,
 (Millions admit a small subtraction.)

And as the *Yeere* hath first his iocund *Spring*,
 Wherein the Leaues, to Birds sweet carolling,
 Dance with the winde : then sees, the *Summers* day
 Perfect the Embrion Blossome of each spray :
 Next cometh *Autumne*, when the threshed sheafe
 Loseth his graine, and euery tree his leafe :
 Lastly, cold *Winters* rage, with many a storme,
 Threats the proud *Pines* which *Ida's* top adorne,
 And makes the sap leafe succourlesse the shoot
 Shrinking to comfort his decaying root.

Or

Or

Or as a quaine *Musitian* being won,
To run a point of sweet Division,
Gets by degrees vnto the highest Key;
Then, with like order falleth in his play
Into a deeper Tone; and lastly, throwes
His Period in a *Diapason*: Close:

So euery humane thing terrestriall,
His utmost height attain'd, bends to his fall.

And as a comely youth, in fairest age,
Enamour'd on a Maid (whose parentage

Had Fate adorn'd, as Nature deckt her eye,
Might at a becke command a Monarchie)

But poore and faire could neuer yet bewitch
A misers minde, preferring foule and rich,

And therefore (as a Kings heart left behinde,
When as his corpse are borne to be enshrin'd)

(His Parents will, a Law) like that dead corse,
Leauing his heart, is brought vnto his Horse,

Carried vnto a place that can impart
No secret Embassie vnto his heart,

Climbes some proud hill, whose stately eminence
Vassals the fruitfull vales circumference:

From whence, no sooner can his lights descry
The place enriched by his *Mistresse* eye:

But some thicke cloud his happy prospect blends,
And he in sorrow rais'd, in teares descends:

So this sad Nymph (whom all commiserate)
Once pac'd the hill of *Greatnesse* and of *State*,

And got the top; but when she gan addresse
Her sight, from thence to see true happinesse,

Fate

Fate interpos'd an envious cloud of fears,
 And she with-drew into this vale of tears,
 Where Sorrow so enchaunt'd best *Vermes* Iwells,
 Stones check'd grief's hardness, call'd her too-too cruel,
 A streame of teares vpon her faire cheekes flowes,
 As morning dew vpon the *Damaske Rose*,
 Or Crystall-glasse, vailing *Vermilion*;
 Or drops of Milke on the *Carnation*;
 She sang and wept (ô yee *Sea-binding* *Cleues*,
 Yeeld Tributary drops, for *Veriae* *griues*;
 And to the Period of her sad sweet *Key*,
 Intwinn'd her case with *Chaste Penelope*,
 But see the drifting *South*, my mournfull strain
 Answers, in weeping drops of quickning rain,
 And since this day we can no further go,
 Restlesse I rest within this *Vale of Wee*,
 Vntill the modest morn on earths vast *Zee*,
 The euer glad some day shall re-enchaine.



And the fifth Song
 (The Fifth Song)



THE ARGUMENT
 (The Argument)

(*Lu Naar's that racks to pitie many*) won

Idya sings her buried Love and

And from her horne of plentie gives

Comfort to Truth, whom none relishes.

(*Repentance house next calls me on*)

With Riors true conversion:

Leaving Amintas Love to Truth,

To be the Theme the Muse sings

hauing



(*the*)

III Ere full of April, Vail'd with sorrowes
 wing

For lovely Layes, Fareary Dirges sing.

Who to hath seene yong Lads (to sport
 themselves)

Run in a low ebbe to the sandy shelves.

Where

Where seriously they worke in digging wels,
 Or building childish sorts of Cockle-shells:
 Or liquid water each to other bandy;
 Or with the Pibbles play at handy-dandy,
 Till vnawares the Tyde hath clos'd them round,
 And they must wade it through or else be drown'd,
 May (if vnto my Pipe he listen well)

My *Muse* distresse with theirs sport paralell.
 For where I whilome sung the loues of Swaines,
 And woo'd the CrySTALL Currants of the Plaines,
 Teaching the Birds to loue, whilst Eury Tree
 Gave his attention to my Melodie:

Fare now (as enuying my too happy Theme)
 Hath round begirt my Song with Sorrowes streame,
 Which till my Muse wade through and get on shore,
 My grieve-swolne Soule can sing of Loue no more.

But turne we now (yet not without remorse)

To heauenly *Aletheia* sad discourse,
 That did from *Edith's* eyes salt tears exhale;
 When thus she shew'd the *Solitarie Kales*:

Iust in the midst this ioy-forsaken ground
 A hallocke stood, with Springs embraced round:
 (And with a CrySTALL Ring did seeme to marry
 Themselves, to this small Ile sad-solitarie:)

Vpon whose brest (which trembled as it ran)

Rode the faire downie-silver-coated *Swan*:

And on the bankes each *Gypsey* bow'd his head,
 To heare the *Swan* sing her owne *Epiced*.

As when the gallant youth which liue vpon
 The Westerne Downes of lovely *Albion*;

Meeting,

Meeting, some festiuall to solemnize,
 Choose out two, skil'd in wrassling exercise,
 Who strongly, at the wrist or collar cling,
 Whilst arme in arme the people make a Ring.
 So did the water round this Ile inlinke,
 And so the Trees grew on the waters brinke:
 Waters their streames about the land scatter,
 And Trees perform'd as much vnto the water:
 Vnder whose shade the *Nightingale* would bring
 Her chirping young, and teach them how to sing.
 The woods most sad, Musicians thither hie,
 As it had beene the *Silvians Castle*,
 And warbled forth such *Elegiacke* strains,
 That stricke the windees dumbe; & the moily plaines
 Were fill'd with enuy, that such shady places
 Held all the worlds delights in their embraces.

O how (methinkes) the Impes of *Mneme* bring
 Dewes of Inuention from their sacred Spring
 Here could I spend that spring of *Poesie*,
 Which not twice ten *Sunnes* haue bestow'd on mee;
 And tell the world, the *Muses* loue appears
 In nonag'd youth, as in the length of yeares.
 But ere my *Muse* erected haue the frame,
 Wherein t'enshrine an vnknowne *Shepherds* name,
 She many a *Groue*, and other woods must tread,
 More *Hills*, more *Dales*, more *Founts* must be displaid,
 More *Meadowes*, *Rockes*, and from them all elect
 Matter befitting such an *Architect*.

As Children on a play-day leaue the Schooles,
 And gladly runne vnto the swimming Pooles,

Or in the thickets, all with geese thrung,
 Rush to dispoile some sweet *Thrush* of her young;
 Or with their hats (for fish) made in a Brooke,
 Withouten paine; but when the *Morne* doth looke
 Out of the *Eastern gates*, a *Snayle* would faster
 Glide to the *Schooler*, then they vnto their Master:
 So when before I sung the Songs of Birds,
 (Whilst every moment sweetened lines affords)
 I pip'd despoild of paine, but now I come
 Vnto my teares, my *Muse* is stricken dumbe,
 My blubbring pen her sable teares lets fall,
 In Characters right *Hieroglyphicall*,
 And mixing with my teares are ready turning
 My late white paper to a weed of mourning;
 Or Inke and Paper strins how to impart
 My words, the words they wote, within my hart:
 Onesse she blesses you willing are my rimes
 And their sad cause should liue till after times;
 Fearing if men their subiect should descry,
 They forth with would dissolve in teares and die:
 Vpon the *Ilard* craggy rising hill,
 A *Quadrant* ranne, wherein by Artlesse skill,
 At euery corner *Nature* did erect
 A *Column* rude, yet void of all defect:
 Whereon a *Marble* lay, The thick-grown *Prayer*,
 And prickled *Hamborne* (woven all entyre)
 Together clung, and barr'd the glad some light
 From any entrance, firing onely night
 No way to it but one, steepe and obscure,
 The staires of rugged stone, seldom in v're

All overgrown with Moss, as Nature fate
To entangle Griefe with a cloth of Sate.

Hardly vnto the top I had ascended,
But that the Trees (siding the steps) befriended
My weary limbes, who bowing down their armes,
Gave hold vnto my hands to scape from harmes:
Which euermore are ready, still presents
Our feet, in climbing places eminent.

Before the doore (no hinder Phœbus view)
A shady Barre tree grasped with an Eugh,
As in the place behalfe they menac'd warre
Against the radiance of each sparkling Star,
And on their barks (which Time had nigh deprauid)
These lines (it seem'd) had been of old engrau'd:

This place was fram'd of rare, so be possesse
By one which sometime Hath Beene Happiest.

Louely *Ida* the most beaunious
Of all the darlings of *Oceanus*
Hesperia scumy and the *Western* pride,
Whose party-coloured garment *Varare* dy'd
In more eye-pleasing hewes with richer graine,
Then *Iris* bow attending *North* raine.

Whose Lilly white inshaded with the Rose
Had that manseene, who sung th' *Eucides*

Dido had in obliuion storpt, and the
Had giu'n his *Muse* her best exort.

Had brauer *Atreides* (who did erst imploy
His force to mix his dead with those of *Troy*)

Beene proffered for a truce her tained peace
Helen had staid, and that had gone to *Greece*.

The

The Phrygian soile had not been drunk with blood,
 Achilles longer breath'd, and Troy yet stood:

The Prince of Poets had not sung his story,

My friend had lost his ever-living glory;

But as a Snowy Swan, who many a day

On Thamar's swelling breasts hath had his play,

For further pleasure doth allay to swim

My native Tany, or the sandy Plim:

And on the panting billowes brauely rides,

Whilst Country-falles walking on the sides,

Admire her beauty, and with clapping hands,

Would force her leaue the streame, and tread the sands,

When she regardlesse swims to th' other edge,

Vntill an enuious Bryer, or tangling Sedge

Dispoyles her Plumes; or else a sharpened Beame

Pierceth her brest, and on the bloudy streame

She pants for life: So whilst she rode this Maid

On streames of worldly baffle, more rich array'd,

With Earths delight, then thought could put in vre,

To glut the senses of an Epicure.

Whilst neighboring Kings vpon their frontiers stood,

And offer'd for her dowre huge Seas of blood;

And perjur'd Gertion to winne her, rent

The Indian Rockes for gold, and bootlesse spent

Almost his patrimony for her sake

Yet nothing like respected as the Drake

That skow'd her Channels, and destroy'd the weed,

VVhich spoyle'd her sisters nets, and filles breede.

At last her truest loue she threw vpon

A roiall Roubi, whose like, whose Paragon

Heauen

Heaven neuer lent the Earth a so great a spirit (sir)
 The VVorld could not containe, nor kingdome me-
 And therefore Ioue did with the Saines in thron him,
 And left his Lady nought but teares to moue him.

Within this place (as wofull as my Verse)
 She with her Crystall fount bedew'd his Harse,
 Inuaild with a sable weed the farr,
 Singing this song which stones dissolued are.

What time the world clad in a mourning robe,
 A Stage made for awfull Tragedie,
 When showers of teares from the Celestiall Globe
 Bewaild the fate of Sea-land Britania;
 When sighs as frequent were as warlike fights,
 When Hope lay bed-rid, and all pleasures dying.

When Envy wept, and Comfort fast
 And Cruelty is selfe fate almost crying,
 Nought being heard but what the mind affrighten
 When Autumn shed discol'd the Summers pride,
 Then Englands honour, Europes memory,

O saddest straines that euer the Muses sung,
 A text of Woe for Griefe to comment on;
 Teares, sighes, and sobes, give passage to my tongue,
 Or I shall spend you till the last is gone,
 Which done, my heart in flames of burning loue
 (Wanting his moisture) shall to cinders turne.

But first, by me
 Bequeath'd be

To know the place where he lay dead, which was
 that he had, the which many have
 in the like of this, the which would not do so, when
 the heart of him the heart of men.
 (The V. in the like of this) the which would not do so, when

That which those mass of sorrowes hath been shew
 That by their weight, the which each year all day
 His fountaines are so dry, he which would not do so, when
 As one poore drop hath left to ease his heart;
 Why should he weep? since the time which
 That he ne'er better can be found again.

That which those mass of sorrowes hath been shew
 In greater number, from off prize, the which
 Know none other more, then he which would not do so, when
 Then he which hath been so poore, the which
 O let him spend this day, and weep no more.

Why should he weep? since the time which
 Is Henry, the which would not do so, when
 Alas! the which would not do so, when

"Shallow foords mutter, silent are the deepe:
 Faine would they tell their griefes, the which would not do so, when
 All are so full, the which would not do so, when
 Then the which would not do so, when

Their griefes display
 To men, so close, the which would not do so, when
 Though blaming those whose plaine they would not do so, when
 And with this wish their passions follow,
 May that Muse neuer speak that silent now!

Is Henry dead? alas! what doe I live
 To sing a Scrich-owles Note, when he is dead?
 If any one a sifter Theame daunge,
 Come giue it now, or neuer to be read.

But loe him seen doe of horror fast,
 Anguish, destruction redoubt, & kindling
 The fable of the gones,
 The fable of the gones,

Tet should we hardly be enforc'd to wonder,
 Our former griefe would be exceed' this last:
 Time cannot make our former vnght compleat,
 Nor add one griefe to make our mourning greater.

England was ne'er impur with blood as now;
 Till now it held part with the Commonwealth.
 Aye me! some one in paine, how
 I might in dolefull numbers so vaine,
 That any one might find it him, how
 Might dearly loue me, for presenting him.

Alas! my plume

Alas! my plume

Breaks forth in rage, that though my passions swimme,
 Tet are they drowned ere they could be rite to
 Imperfect line. O happy I were I had
 And cut from life as England from the world.

O happier had we beene

O happier had we beene
 Neuer made happy by enjoying
 Where bath the glorious eye of beaues scene
 A spectacle of greater misery.

Time turne thy course, and bring againe the Spring;
 Breake Nature's lawes; search the records of old,

If ought befall

Might parallel

Sad Britain's case: weepe Rocks, and Heavens behold,
 What Seas of sorrow she is plunged in,

Where stormes of woe so manly have beset her;

She hath no place for worse, nor hope for better.

Britaine was whilome knowne (by more then fame)

To be one of the Islands fortunate;

What franticke man would give her now that name,

Lying so rufull and disconsolate?

Hath not her many Zoues in murmuring,

Fill'd every shore with Echoes of her crye?

Yes, Thetis names,

And bids her wauer

Bring all the Nymphes within her Emperie

To be assistant in her sorrowing

See where they sadly sit on Ilia's shore,

And rend their haire as they would ioy no more,

Ilis the glory of the Western world;

When our Heroe (honour'd Essex) dy'd,

Strucke with wonder, backe againe she huld,

And fill'd her bauckes with an unwoonted Tyde:

As if she stood in doubt, if it were so,

And for the certaintie had turn'd her way,

Why doe not now

Her waues reslow?

Poore

Poore Nymph, her sorrows will not let her stay,
Or flies to tell the world her Countryes woe:
Or cares not to come backe, perhaps, as flowing
Our teares should make the flood, nor her reflowing.

Sometimes a Tyrant held the keynes of Rome,
Wishing to all the City but one head,
That all at once might undergoe his doome,
And by one blow from life be severed.
Fate wisht the like in England, and imagin'd
(O miserable men, embrace the Fate!)

Whose heavy hand
That neuer seend
The misery of Kingdoms ruinate,
Minding to leave her of all joy bereav'd,
With one sad blow (Alas! can worse fall?)
Hath given this little Ile her Funerall.

O come ye blessed Images of Memory,
Erect a new Parnassus on his grave:
There tune your voices in an Elegy,
The saddest Note that e're Apollo gave.
Let every Accent make the Sander by
Keepe time unto your Song with dropping teares,
Till drops that fell
Have made a well

To swallow him which still unmoned beares,
And though my selfe prove senselesse of your cry,
Yet gladly should my light of life grow dim,
To be intomb'd in teares are wept for him.

When

When last he sickned, whom first began, I quiv'ring
 To tread the Labyrinth of Wood began,
 And by degrees we farther and farther ran,
 Having the summit of life's path before us.
 But Destinie no sooner saw us enter
 Sad Sorrows on our way, immortall by night,
 (Where no light was left)
 Under eyes and feet
 Throwne from the benches of which we had been,
 When we were cast from the high O'ceane,
 Fate (cruelly) to bar a way, yet never
 Cut off our Thred, and yet we ran in mourning.



If you have scene at foot of some braue hill,
 Two Springs arise, and delicately trill,
 In gentle chidings through an humble dale,
 (Where rustie Daisies nod at every gale)
 And on the banks a Swaine (with Lawrell crown'd)
 Marying his sweet Notes with their silver sound:
 When as the spongy clouds swolne big with water,
 Throw their conception on the worlds Theater,
 Downe from the hills the rained waters roare,
 Whilst euery leaf drops to augment their store:
 Grumbling the stones fall o'er each others backe,
 Rending the greene curies with their Cataract,
 And through the Meadows run with such a noise,
 That taking from the Swaine the fountaines voice,
 Inforce him leave their margent, and alone
 Couple his base Pipe with their baser Tone,
 Know (Shepherdesse) that I lent an eare
 To those sad wights whose plaints I told while eare:

But

But when his goodly lady gan address
Her heavenly voyce to sweeten his minde,
It drew downe the rest of his little springs,
And stricken downe the rest of his little springs,
Lay still and wept her death piteously,
Wept at her griefes, and did forget to weep,
Whilst I attended her, and did implore,<
Teares which they wanted drops, and from a hart,
As his sorrowfull countenance was,
Lent thrilling groans, which she had none more.

Had wife *Ulysses* who regarded nothing
Along the *Odyssey* where he was bound,
Pass'd by and forth he would have beene bound,
Waile her loss, *Ulysses* while he was bound,
Durst not approach to her, for he was bound,
Heaven had him bound, and he was bound,
Thrust head long to the shore, and he was bound,
Offer'd his *Venus* his sacrifice,
Or had the *Ulysses* who was bound,
Heard in what manner she was bound,
Her bark'd *Ulysses* who was bound,
And to come neere the *Ulysses* who was bound.

Now shees look'd the *Ulysses* who was bound,
Whereat each merry *Ulysses* who was bound,
When with a tender heart she was bound,
And did *Ulysses* who was bound,
But *Ulysses* who was bound,
So much constrain'd she was bound,
Of her will she was bound,
(To save life) from her, whose life was dead.

After
comm
Idya.

But

But lawlesse famine, selfe-consuming hunger,
 Alas! compell'd me: had I stay'd longer,
 My weakned limbs had bene my wants forced
 And I had fed, on that I could not feed,
 When she (compassionate) to my sad moans
 Did lend a sigh, and stole it from her owne;
 And (wofull Lady wrackt on haplesse selfe) I
 Yelded me comfort, yet had none herselfe
 Told how she knew me well since I had bene
 As chiefest consort of the Fairy *Queen*;
 O happy *Queen*! for euer, euer praise
 Dwell on thy Tombe; the period of all dayes
 Onely seale to thy fame; and at thy Birth
 Enrich'd thy Temple on the fading earth,
 So haue thy *Vertues* crown'd thy blessed soule;
 Where the first *Adamer* with his words consoles
 As with a girdle this huge *Ocean* binds;
 Gathers into his fist the rable *Winds*;
 Stops the bright *Quarrel* in his hot career;
 Commands the *Mare* to wheel her course in a yeere;
 Lineth thou with him in endless bliss, while we
 Admire all venues in admiring thee.

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Thou, thou, the fairest of the learned *Males*;
 Thou nursing Mother of Gods *Wrest*;
 Thou, for whose louing *Truth* the heauens raine
 Sweet *Mel* and *Manna* on our flowry plain
 Thou, by whose hand the sacred *Trine* did bring
 Vs out of bonds, from bloody *Bowring*;
 Ye suckling *Babes*, for euer bless that Name
 Releas'd your burning in your Mothers flame.

Thrice

Thrice blessed Maiden, by whose hand was giv'n
Free liberty to taste the food of Heaven.

Neuer forget her (*Albions* lovely Daughters)

Which led you to the Springs of living Waters!

And if my *Muse* her glory faile to sing,

May to my mouth my tongue for ever cling.

Herewith (at hand) taking her *Horne of Plentie*

Fil'd with the choyse of every Orchard daintie,

As *Pearres*, *Plums*, *Apples*, the sweet *Raspberr*,

The *Quince*, the *Apricocke*, the blushing *Cherry*,

The *Mulberry* (his blacke from *Thistle* taking)

The cluster'd *Filberd*, *Grapes* oft merry-making.

(This fruitfull *Horne* th'immortal *Eadies* fill'd

With all the pleasures that rough *Forrests* yeeld,

And gaue *Idya*, with a further blessing,

That thence (as from a *Garden*) without dressing,

She these should ever haue; and neuer want

Store, from an Orchard without tree or plant.)

With a right willing hand she gaue me, hence,

The *Stomackes* comforter, the pleasing *Quince*,

And for the chiefest cherisher she lent

The *Royall Thistles* milkie nourishment.

Here staid I long: but when to see *Aurora*

Kisse the persumed cheekes of dainty *Flora*,

Without the vale I trod one lovely Morne,

With true intention of a quick returne,

An vnexpected chance stroue to deferre

My going backe, and all the loue of her.

But Maiden see the day is waxen old,

And gins to shut in with the *Margold*:

The

Idya
cheek
these.

The *Neat-herds* Kingdome bellows in the vales
 And *Dairy Maidens* for the milke prepar'd
 Are drawing as they *Ydder*, long ere now
 The *Plow-man* hath vnyoak't his flcaine from plow
 My transformation to a fearefull *Hindle*
 Shall to vnfold a furer season finde
 Meane while yond *Pallara*, whole braue *Turres* rups,
 Ouer the state's *Wood* furay the cops,
 Promis'd (if sought) a wished place of rest
 Till *Sol* our *Hemisphere* haue reposselt.

Now must my *King* afford a straine to *Riot*
 Who almost killd with his luxurious diet,
 Lay eying graile (as dogges) within a wood,
 So to disgorge the vntilgasted food
 By whom faire *Alphen* past along
 With *Fide* *Queene* of eury shepherds song
 By them vnscene (for he securely lay
 Vnder the thicke of many a leaued spray)
 And through the leueld *Meadowes* gently threw
 Their nearest feet, wash with refreshing dew
 Where he durst not approach, but on the edge
 Of th'hilly wood, in covert of a hedge,

Vvent onward with them, rode with them in paces,
 And farre off much admir'd their formes and graces.
 Into the *Plaines* at last he headlong venter'd
 But they the hill had gor and pallace enter'd.

VWhen, like a valiant well resolved man
 Seeking new paths, i'th' parchtelle *Ocean*,
 Vnto the shores of monster breeding *Nyle*,
 Or through the North to the vinepepled *Thyle*,
 VWhere

VVhere from the *Equinoctiall* of the *Spring*
 To that of *Autumne*, *Titan* golden *Ring*
 Is neuer off; and till the *Spring* againe
 In gloomy darknesse all the *shores* remaine
 Or if he furrow vp the *hyrie Sea*
 To cast his *Ancors* in the *frozen bay*
 Of woody *Norway*; (who hath euer fed
 Her people more with *scaly fish* than *bread*)
 Though ratling mounts of *Ice* thrust at his *Helme*
 And by their fall still threaten to *o'whelme*
 His little *Vessell*: and though *Winter* throne
 (What age should on their heads) white caps of *Snow*
 Strives to congeale his blood, he cares not for't,
 But arm'd in minde, gets his intended *Port*:

So *Ryot*, though full many doubts arise
 VVhose vnknown ends might grasp his enterprise
 Climbes towards the *Palace*, and with gate demure
 VVith hanging head, a voice as fainting pure
 With torne and ragged coat, his hairy legs
 Bloudy, as scratch'd with *Briers*, he entrance begs

Remembrance fate as *Portresse* of this gate:
 A *Lady* alwayes musing as she fate,
 Except when sometime suddainly she rose,
 And with a back-bent eye, at length, she throwes
 Her hands to heauen: and in a wondering guize,
 Star'd on each obiect with her fixed eyes:
 As some way-faring man passing a wood,
 (Whose waving top hath long a *Sea* mark stood)
 Goes iogging on, and in his minde nought hath
 But how the *Primrose* finely strew the path,

Or

Or sweetest *Piolets* lay downe their heads
 At some trees root on mossie feather-beds,
 Vntill his heele receiues an Adders sting,
 Whereat he starts, and backe his head doth fling.

She neuer mark'd the iute he did preferre,
 But (carelesse) let him passe along by her.

So on he went into a spacious court,
 All trodden bare with multitudes resort:
 At the end whereof a second gate appears,
 The Fabricke shew'd full many thousand yeares:
 Whose Posterne-key that a time a Lady kept,
 Her eyes all swolne as if she seldome slept,
 And would by firs her golden tresses tear,
 And striue to stop her breath with her owne haire:
 Her lilly hand (not to be lik'd by Art)
 A paire of Pincers held; wherewith her heart
 Was hardly grasped, while the piled stones
 Re-echoed her lamentable groines.

Here at this gate the custome long had bin
 When any sought to be admitted in,
 Remorse thus vs'd them; ere they had the key,
 And all these torments felt, pass'd on their way.

When *Riot* came, the Ladies paines nigh done,
 She past the gate; and then Remorse begun
 To fetter *Riot* in strong iron chaines;
 And doubling much his patience in the paines.
 As when a Smith and's Man (Iame *Vulcans* fellowes)
 Call'd from the Anvile or the puffing Bellows,
 To clap a well wrought shoe (for more then pay)
 Vpon a stubborne Nagge of Galloway;

Or vnback'd *Denier*, or a *Flanders* Mare,
 That at the Forge stand snuffing of the ayre;
 The swarty *Smelt* spins in his Back-horne fist,
 And bids his Man bring out the five-fold twist,
 His shackles, shacklocks, hampers, gyres and chaines;
 His linked bolts, and with no little paines
 These make him fast: and least all these should faile;
 Vnto a post with some fix doubled halter
 He bindes his head gyre all bare of the least
 To curbe the fury of the head-strong beast:
 When if a Carriers Lade be brought vnto him,
 His Man can hold his foot whilst he can shoe him
 Remorse was forc'd to binde him stronger;
 Because his faults requir'd infliction longer
 Then any list-prest wight which many day
 Since *Iudas* hung himself had past that way.

When all the cruell torments he had borne,
 Galled with chaines, and on the racke high torne,
 Pinching with glowing pincers his owne heart;
 All lame and restless, full of wounds and smart;
 He to the Postern creeps, loo inward lies,
 And from the gate a two-fold path descends,
 One leading vp a hill, *Repentance* way;
 And (as more worthy) on the right hand lay
 The other head-long, steepe, and hid well
 Vnto the path which tendeth down to hell:
 All steps that thicker went shew'd moreorning;
 The port to paines, and to eternal mourning;
 Where certaine *Death* li'd, in an *Ebon* chaire;
 The soules blacke homicide meager *Despaine*

K

Had

Had his abode: there gainst the craggie rocks
 Some dash't their braines out, with relentlesse knocks,
 Others on trees (a most accursed clues)
 Are fastening knots, so to yndoe themselves.
 Here one in sinne not daring to appeare
 At Mercies seat with one repentant teare,
 Within his brest was launcing of an eye,
 That vnto God it might for vengeance cry.
 There from a Rocke a wretch but newly fell,
 All torne in peeces, to goe whole to Hell.
 Here with a sleepeie Potion one thinks fit
 To graspe with death, but would not know of it.
 There in a pool two men their liues expire,
 And die in water to reuiue in fire.
 Here hangs the bloud vpon the guilelesse stones:
 There wormes consume the flesh of humane bones.
 Here lyes an arme: a legge there: here a head;
 Without other lims of men vnburied,
 Scattring the ground, and as regardlesse hurly,
 As they at vertue spurned in the world.

Fye haplesse wretch, o thou whose graces flammings
 Measur'st Gods mercy by thine owne desertings,
 Which cry'st (distrustfull of the power of Heauen)
My sinnes are greater then can be forgiven
 Which still are ready to curse God and die,
 At euery stripe of worldly miserie;
 O learne (thou in whose brests the Dragon lurkes)
 Gods Mercy (euen) is o'er all his workes.
 Know he is pitifull, apt to forgive;
 Would not a sinners death, but that he liue.

O euer, euer rest vpon that word
Which doth allure thee, though his sword
Be drawne in Iustice gainst thy sinfull soule,
To separate the rotten from the whole;
Yet if a sacrifice of prayer be sent him,
He will not strike; or if he strike repente him.
Let none despaire; for cursed *Indus* sinne
Was not so much in yeelding vnto the King
Of life, to death; as when he thereupon
Wholy dispaire'd of Gods remission.

How long doubting stand which way ouer to best!
To leade his steps; as if he were a rest
(As foolish he thought) before the pain
Was to be past; he could well attaine
The high-borne Palace; gaine admittance on
That path, which led to all confusion;
When suddenly a voice as sweet as chere,
With words diuine began to chide his eare;
Whereat as in a rapture on the ground
He prostrate lay, and all his senses found
A time of rest; vpon that satillike
Which neuer can be seene nor euer dye,
That in the essence of an endlesse Nature
Doth sympathize with all good Creatures;
That onely wak'd which cannot be interr'd
And from a heauenly Quire this ditty heard.

*Vaine man, doe not mistrust
Of hee determining;
Nor (though the most vnjust)*

Despaire for sinning

God will be seene his sentences changing,
 If he be hold the wicked wayes estranging.

Climbe up where pleasures dwell

Inflaming Allies: toying to earthish things
 And as for be-living Hell: to passion all things

That deck the Dullness: thus he bonour

Faire Metanoide, who standing by
 To crowne thee with his joy, as he did know no thing.

Here with one leaden wing of grief from him flew,

When on his arme he rose; and fully threw
 Shrill acclamations; while a hollow cry, still too

Or hanging hills, or broken haves over galls
 O sacred Essence lighting me; his heart

How may I lightly suffer by Great British Power?
 Power? but of what need I brag, my word I pray

Or liu't in heav'n? fly. *Exch. 1. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.*

In heavens eye shall may I no braine
 By almes; by fasting; prayer; by paine. *Exch. 1. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.*

Shew me the paine, it shall be undergone
 I to mine end will still go on. *Exch. 1. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.*

But whither? On: Shew me the place, I'll see
 What if the Mountain I do climb? *Exch. 1. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.*

Is that the way to joyes which still hee does
 O bid my soule to him be sure. *Exch. 1. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.*

Then thus assured, doe I climbe the hill,
 Heaven be my guide in this sky will. *Exch. 1. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.*

As when a maid caught from her mothers wing,
 To tune her voyce vnto a silver string,

When

When she should run, she rests; rests when should run,
 And ends her lesson having now begun;
 Now misseth she her stop, then in her song,
 And doing of her best she still is wrong,
 Begins againe, and yet againe strikes false,
 Then in a chafe forsakes her *Virginals*,
 And yet within an houre she tries anew,
 That with her daily paines (*Art* she best due)
 She gaines that charming skill: and can no lesse
 Tame the fierce walkers of the wilderness,
 Then that *Ocegrin Harpist*, for whose lay,
Tigers with hunger pinde and lest their pray.
 So *Riot*, when he gan to climbe the hilly,
 Here maketh haste and there long standeth still,
 Now getteth vp a step, then falls againe,
 Yet not despairing all his nerues doth straine,
 To clamber vp a new, then slide his feet,
 And downe he comes, but giues not ouer yet,
 For (with the maid) he hopes, a time will be,
 When merit shall be linkt with industry.

Now as an *Anglor* melancholy standing
 Vpon a greene banke yeelding roome for landing,
 A weigling yellow worme thrust on his hooke,
 Now in the midst he throwes, then in a nooke
 Here puls his line, there throwes it in againe,
 Mendeth his Corke and Baite, but all in vaine,
 He long stands viewing of the curled streame,
 At last a hungry *Pike*, or well growne *Bream*,
 Snatch at the worme, and hasting fast away,
 He knowing it, a *Pike* of stubborne sway,

Pulls vp his rod, but soft : (as hauing skill) :
 Wherewith the hooke fast holds the Fishes gill,
 Then all his line he freely yeeldeth him,
 Whilst furiously all vp and downe doth swim
 Th'insnared Fish, here on the top both scud;
 There vnderneath the banks, then in the mud;
 And with his franticke firs so scares the shole,
 That each one takes his hyde, or starting hole:
 By this the Pike cleane wearied vnderneath
 A Willow lyes, and pants (if Fishes breath)
 Wherewith the Angler gently pulls him to him,
 And least his haste might happen to vndoe him,
 Layes downe his rod, then takes his line in hand,
 And by degrees getting the Fish to land,
 Walkes to another Poble : as length is winner
 Of such a dish as serues him for his dinner:
 So when the Climber halfe the way had got,
 Musing he stood, and busily gan plot,
 How (since the mount did alwaies steeper tend)
 He might with steps secure his journey end.
 At last (as wandring Boyes to gather Nuts)
 A hooked Pole he from a Hasell cuts ;
 Now throwes it here, then there to take some hold,
 But bootlesse and in vaine, the rockie mold,
 Admits no cranny, where his Hasell-hooke
 Might promise him a step, till in a nooke
 Somewhat aboue his reach he hath espide
 A little Oake, and hauing often tride
 To catch a bough with standing on his toe,
 Or leaping vp, yet not preuailing for

He

Herols a stone towards the little tree,
Then gets vpon it, fastens warily
His Pole vnto a bough, and at his drawing
The early rising Crow with clam'rous kawing,
Leauing the greenebough, flies about the Rocke,
Whilst twenty twenty couples to him flocke:
And now within his reach the thin leaues waue,
With one hand onely then he holds his staue,
And with the other grasping first the leaues,
A pretty bough he in his fist receiues;
Then to his girdle making fast the hooke,
His other hand another bough hath rooke;
His first, a third, and that, another giues,
To bring him to the place where his root liues.
Then, as a nimble *Squerrill* from the wood,
Ranging the hedges for his *Filberd*-food,
Sits peartly on a bough his browne Nuts cracking,
And from the shell the sweet white kernell taking,
Till (with their crookes and bags) a fore of Boyes,
(To share with him) come with so great a noyse,
That he is forc'd to leaue a Nut nigh broke,
And for his life leape to a neighbour *Oake*,
Thence to a *Beeth*, thence to a row of *Althes*;
Whilst throw the *Quagmires*, and red water plashes,
The Boyes run dabling thorow thicke and thin,
One teares his hose, another breakes his shin,
This, torne and tatter'd, hath with much ado
Got by the *Bryers*; and that hath lost his shoe:
This drops his band; that head-long fells for haste;
Another cries behinde for being last:

With sticks and stones, and many a sounding hallow,
 The little foole, with no small sporr, they follow;
 Whilst he, from tree to tree, from spray to spray,
 Gets to the wood, and hides him in his *Drey*;
 Such shile made *Ryot*, ere he could get vp,
 And so from bough to bough he won the top,
 Though hindrances, for ever coming there,
 Were often thrust vpon him by *Dispaire*.

Now at his feet the stately mountaine lay,
 And with a glad some eye he gan suruay
 What perils he had trod on since the time
 His weary feet and armes afaid to climbe.
 When with a humble voyce (with outen stare,
 Though he look'd wilde and ouer-grown with haire)
 A gentle Nymph in russet course array,
 Comes and directs him onward in his way.

First, brings she him into a goodly Hall,
 Faire, yet not beautified with Minerall:
 But in a carelesse Art, and artlesse care,
 Made, loose neglect, more louely farre then rare.
 Vpon the floore (ypau'd with Marble slate)
 (With Sack-cloth cloth'd) many in ashes late:
 And round about the wals for many yeares,
 Hung Cry stall Vials of repentant teares:
 And Books of vowes, and many a heauenly deed,
 Lay ready open for each one to read,
 Some were immured vp in little shreds,
 There to contemplate Heauen, and bid their Beads.
 Others with garments thin of Cammels-haire,
 With head, and armes, and legs, and feet all bare;

Were

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Were singing hymnes to the *Brerall Sage*,
 For safe returning from their Pilgrimage,
 Some with a whip their pamp'ring bodies beat;
 Others in fasting live, and seldom eat:
 But as those Trees which doe in *India* grow
 And call'd of elder Swains full long agoe
 The *Sun* and *Moones* faire Trees (so goodly deight)
 And ten times ten fold challenging their height
 Having no helpe (to overlooke brave Towers)
 From coole refreshing dew, or drizzling showers;
 When as the Earth (as oftentimes is soer)
 Is interpos'd twixt *Sol* and *Nights pale Queen*,
 Or when the *Moone* eclipseth *Fittes* light,
 The Trees (all comfortlesse) for'd of their sight
 Weepe liquid drops, which plentifully shooe
 Along the outward barked down to the root:
 And by their owne shed teares they eene flourish;
 So their owne sorrowes, their owne ioyes doe nourish:
 And so within this place full many a while,
 Did make his teares his food both day and night.
 And had it garted (from th' *Almighty* great)
 To swim throw them vnto his *Mercy-seat*.
 Faire *Metamora* in a chaire of earth,
 With count'nance sad, yet sadnelle promiss'd mirth,
 Sate vail'd in counsell words of Cammels hayre,
 Inriching pouertie; yet neuer faire
 Was like to her, nor since the world begun
 A louelier Lady kiss the glorious *Sun*.
 For her the *God of Thunder*, mighty, great,
 Whose Foot-stoole is the Earth, and Heauen his Seat,
 Vnto

Vnto a man who from his crying birth
 Went on still, humming what he carried, earth:
 VVhen he could walke no further for his grave,
 Nor could step ouer, but he there must haue
 A seat to rest, when he would faine goe on;
 But age in euery nerue, in euery bone
 Forbad his passage: for her sake hath heauen
 Fill'd vp the graue, and made his path so euen,
 That fiftene courses had the bright Steeds run,
 (And he was weary) ere his course was done.
 For scorning her, the Courts of Kings which throw
 A proud rais'd pinnacle to rest the Crow;
 And on a Plaine out-braue a neighbour Rocke,
 In stout resistance of a Tempests shocke,
 For her contempt heauen (reining his disasters) (sters.
 Haue made those Towers but piles to burne their ma-
 To her the lowly Nymph (*Humble* *less* *a* *hight*)
 Brought (as her office) this deformed wight;
 To whom the Lady courteous semblance shewes,
 And pitying his estate in sacred shewes,
 And Letters (worthily yeleep'd diuine)
 Resolu'd t' instruct him: but her discipline
 She knew of true effect, would surely misse,
 Except she first his *Adet amorphosis*
 Should cleane exile: and knowing that his birth
 VVas to inherit reason, though on earth
 Some VVitch had thus transform'd him, by her skill,
 Expert in changing, euen the very will,
 In few dayes labours with continuall prayer,
 (A sacrifice transcends the buxome ayre)

His

His grisly shape, his foule deformed feature,
His horrid lookes, worse then a sauage creature,
By *Metastaseus*'s hand from heauen, began
Receiue their sentence of diuorce from man.

And as a louely Maiden, pure and chaste,
VVith naked lūrie necke, and gowne vnlae'd,
VVithin her chamber, when the day is fled,
Makes poore her garments to enrich her bed:

First, putt she off her lilly silken gowne,
That strikes for sorrow as she layes it downe,
And with htr armes groweth a VVast coat of fine,
Imbracing her as it would ne'er vncwine.

Her flouren haire in snaring beholders,
She next permits to waue about her shoulders,

And though she cast it backe, the silken slips
Still forward steale, and hang vpon her lips:

VVhereat she sweetly angry, with her laces
Bindes vp the wanton locks in curious tracts,

VVhilst (twisting with her ioynts) each haire long line
As loth to be chain'd, buer with her finger.

Then on her head a dressing like a Crowne;
Her breasts all bare, her Kirtle slipping downe,

And all things off (which rightly euer be
Call'd the foule faire markes of our miserie)

Except her last, which enuiously doth seize her,
Least any eye partake with it in pleasure,

Prepares for sweetest rest, while *Silvan* greet her,
And (longingly) the downy bed swels to meet her:

So by degrees his shape all brutish vilde,
Fell from him (saloe skin from some yong childe)

In

In lieu whereof a man-like shape appears,
 And gallant youth scarce skill'd in twenty yeares,
 So faire, so fresh, so young, so admirable
 In euery part, that since I am not able
 In words to shew his picture, gentle Swaines,
 Recall the praises in my former straines,
 And know if they haue graced any lim,
 I onely lent it those, but stol't from him;

Had that chaste *Roman Dame* beheld his face,
 Ere the proud King posselt her Husbands place,
 Her thoughts had beene adulterate, and this staine
 Had won her greater fame, had she beene flaine.
 The Larke that many mornees her selfe makes merry
 With the shrill chanting of her *terry-terry*;
 (Before he was transform'd) would leaue the skyes,
 And houer o'er him to behold his eyes.
 Vpon an Oren-pipe well could he play,
 For when he fed his flocke vpon the lay,
 Maidens to heare him from the Plaines came trapp'ing
 And Birds fro' bough to bough full nimble skipping;
 His flocke (then happy flocke) would leaue to feed,
 And stand amaz'd to listen to his Reed:
 Lyons and Tygers, with each beast of game,
 With hea'ning him were many times made tame:
 Braue trees & flowers would towards him be bending
 And none that heard him wist his Song was ending:
 Maids, Lyons, birds, flocks, trees, each flow're, each
 Were wrapt with wöder, whē he vs'd to sing (spring,
 So faire a person to describe to men
 Requires a tedious Pencil, not a Pen.)

Him

Him *Metamorphos'd* in seemly wife
 (Not after our corrupted ages guise,
 Where gaudy weeds lend splendour to the sim,
 While that his cloath surrend'rd their grace from him)
 Then to a garden, for which rarest flowres,
 With pleasant fountains stor'd, and shady bowres:
 She leads him by the hand, and in the groves,
 Where thousand pretty Birds tunc to their Loves,
 And thousand thousand blossomes (smile in their stalks)
 Milde *Zephyrus* with blew downe to purr the walks:
 Where yet the wilde Beare neuer durst appeare
 Here *Fida* (euer to kinde *Rivers* and deare)
 Meets him, and shew' d where *Adelphi* lay,
 (The fairest Maid that ever blest the day)
 Sweetly she lay, and cool'd her lilly hands
 Within a Spring that shrow'p golden sands:
 As if she would in *Orion* so perseuer
 In living shire, and grace the banks for euer.

To her *Quintina* (How now how now)
 Came, and fastid, a new man before
 More blis, nor like this call hath beene another
 But when two danging *Cherits* kiss each other
 Nor our beauties, like, met at such close;
 But in the kisses of two *Damask* Rosts,
 O, how the flowres (pratt with their treadings on the)
 Stroug to cast up their heads to look upon them!
 How iealously the buds that so had seene them,
 Sent forth the sweetest smells to step betweene them,
 As fearing the perfume lodg'd in their powers
 Once known of them, they might neglect the flowres,

How

How often wilt *Aminta* with his heart,
 His ruddy lips from hers might never part;
 And that the heavens this gift were ché bequeathing,
 To feed on nothing but each others breaching.

A truer love the *Muses* never sang,
 Nor happyer names ere grac'd a golden tongue;
 O! they are better sitting his sweet stripe,
 Who on the banks of *Alcides* tun'd his Pipe;
 Or rather for that learned *Swaine* whose layes
 Divinest *Homer* crown'd with deathlesse Bayes;
 Or any one sent from the sacred Well
 Inheriting the scall of *Asphalt*;
 These, these in golden lines might write his story,
 And make these loves their owne eternall glory;
 Whilst I a Swaine as weak in yeeres as skill,
 Should in the valley hear them on the hill;
 Yet (when my Sheepe haue at their Cotes beene,
 And I haue brought them backe to the care the greenes)
 To misse an idle house, and not for need,
 With choicest relish shall mine Oaten Reed
 Record their worths: and though in accents rare
 I misse the glory of a charming ayre,
 My *Muse* may one day make the Courtly Swaines
 Enamour'd on the *Musicks* of the Plains;
 And as upon a hill she bravely sings,
 Teach humble *Pales* to weep in Crystall Springs:

The end of the first Booke.